

1— 9

CLASS MOTTO

"ONWARD"

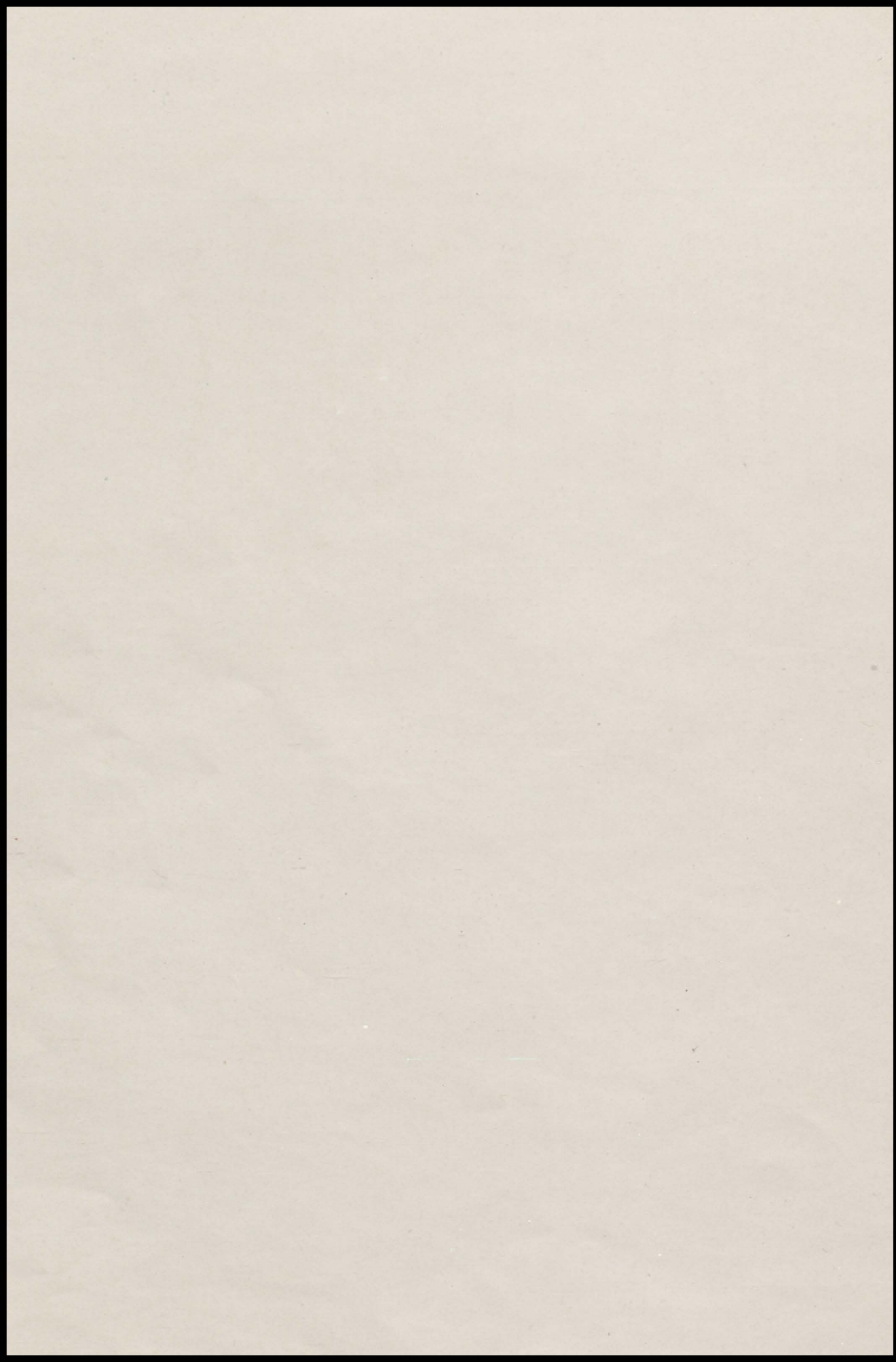
CLASS COLORS

GREEN AND GOLD

CLASS FLOWER

WATER LILY

2— 4



MARINER

VOLUME IV

"Tis pleasant sure, to see one's name in print."—Byron

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CLASS '24

NORRIS A. HANKS

TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN A FRIEND AS WELL,
AS A GUIDE, THE SENIORS OF NINETEEN
TWENTY-FOUR GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THIS
VOLUME.





ALLEN THAYER GREENMAN

Superintendent of Marine City Public Schools

University of Michigan

A. B. Degree

"Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading."—Shakespeare.

FACULTY

NORRIS A. HANKS

Principal of Senior High
Michigan Normal School
A. B. Degree
Public Speaking and Social Science
"Words sweet as honey from his lips
distill'd."—Homer.

ISABELLE HANFORD

University of Michigan
A. B. Degree
American History and Senior English
"On bokes for to rede
I me delyte."—Chaucer.

RUTH HANSON

Western State Normal
Commercial
"I attend to the business."—Horace.

HELEN E. HEDRICK

Michigan Agricultural College
B. S. Degree
History and Biology
"She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes."
—George Meredith.

MRS. GLADYS ST. CLAIR

Ypsilanti
A. B. Degree
English
"Energetic and firm."—Mark Hopkins.

GRACE E. TRAVIS

University of Michigan
A. B. Degree
History and Language
"She speaks a various language."
—Bryant.

DEWEY RUSSELL

Albion
A. B. Degree
Mathematics
"You may get a large amount of truth
into a brief space."—Beecher.

JAMES G. McDONALD

Olivet
A. B. Degree
History, Science and Athletics
"The labor we delight in—
Physic's pain."—Shakespeare.

FLOYD BOUGHNER

Principal of Junior High
University of Michigan
Ypsilanti
A. B. Degree from U. of M.
Mathematics
"The Mathematics, subtle."—Bacon.

META BAKER

Ypsilanti
History and Natural Science.
"Let Nature be your teacher."
—Wordsworth.

MAE CHATWIN

Chicago Art Institute
Music and Art
"By her we first were taught the arts."
—Gay.

EDITH MASON

Michigan Agricultural College
B. S. Degree
Domestic Science and Art
"Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam."—Hood.

ETHEL COTTRELL

Ypsilanti
Manual Training
"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy
woman."—Byron.

MRS. MARGUERITE WONSEY

Albion
A. B. Degree and Life Certificate
"'Tis good will makes intelligence."
—Emerson.

DOROTHY STAHER

Battle Creek Normal
Physical Education
"To be strong is to be happy!"
—Longfellow.

MRS. FLORENCE DUDDY

Ypsilanti
English
"She can talk the talk of men."
—George Meredith.

SCHOOL BOARD

CHAS. F. MANN, President

F. W. BECKER, Secretary

S. C. McLOUTH (deceased)

OTTO GUY, Treasurer

H. A. SMITH

OUR TEACHERS

Terrence L. Conlin

Our superintendent came from Yale,
He talks about studying; he says not to fail;
He's bringing our school up carefully by hand,
And soon 'twill be one of the best in the land.

Principal Hanks, so mild and so meek,
Is teaching his class how to argue and speak.
Every day in Assembly his little oration
Is delivered with care and without hesitation.

Mr. Boughner's manipulation
Of the elusive, trick equation
Is admirable; he points the path
To ways of wisdom and to math.

Little Miss Baker, who's not so tall,
Took us out picking flowers in the fall.
And then she taught us the wonderful art
Of classing, and pressing, and tearing apart.

Artistic Miss Chatwin, our studio saint,
Taught us how to cut paper, draw pictures, and paint
Plants, men, and animals, vases of fruit,
As they do at Chicago Art Institute.

The handy Miss Cottrell, with many a tool,
Teaches M. T. at our public high school;
We must hammer, make tight joints, use chisel and plane,
And if it's not perfect, we do it again.

Mrs. Duddy teaches Freshmen to explain what they've read;
She gets diagram and grammar drilled into their head,
They'll appreciate poetry as well as cheap fiction;
Every word that they speak will be marvels of diction.

Our nurse, Mrs. Elson, is always on call
While school is in session, spring, winter, or fall.
Her position is such that she can't be a sleeper,
For it is her business to foil the "Grim Reaper."

Miss Hanford's condemned to read hundreds of reams
Of poorly constructed and hastily-made themes;
When she gets them corrected, she gives out some more,
And on books she just dotes, she reads them by the score.

Miss Hanson 'll teach posting, the right way to typewrite,
To read subtle shorthand, and add sums on sight.
Her business is to keep us as busy as can be,
And all in her class say she does to a T.

Miss Hedrick tries frowning, the dear little dear,
And says, "I'll have it quiet now, say, do you hear?"
She tries to look terrible—we're not terrified,
For an Amazon teacher's an angel inside.

Miss Mason will teach the girls how to sew
Cute little stitches row upon row.
She teaches the arts of the needle and thread,
And shows us the best ways of making good bread.

Mr. McDonald works accurately
The problems of physics and chemistry.
His question is frequently "Where did it go?"
And the answer is generally, "Huh? I don't know."

Mr. Russell teaches on
The geometric polygon.
His Polly gone? Where can she be
Unless she's up geome-tree?

When we give a play we get Mrs. St. Clair
To show us the right way to rant, rave, and tear.
She makes her class do just about as she wishes,
And she's a ceramist and makes pretty dishes.

Girls gallop gaily the floor of the Hall,
Learning to play "such rude basketball."
Miss Stahmer is teaching them how to be strong—
When they learn things from her they can never learn wrong.

Behold Miss Travis' ample pages
Spread with the wisdom of the ages;
And hers is Caesar's ponderous tome,
The glorious tongue of conquering Rome.

They know there is no royal road
To learning, yet on us they load
The white man's burden, hopes and fears
And knowledge of three thousand years.

AUTOGRAPHS

FOREWORD

Everything that is in this world has a reason for being. Even a book. This Annual is, because other Annuals have been, for it is the custom of Senior classes to compose Annuals, not with a view of making a supreme work, so much as building a memorial, that their name may not be forgotten. These volumes are like cathedrals, ever finished, never finished, for the work continues from one year to the next and goes on and on.

Little else remains to be said, for we can neither detract from nor add to the success of what we have written. We may only wish—we can only hope—that this stone brought to the building will not be rejected. And we thank all those that have helped to hew, to polish, to raise into place this once-rough idea from the Quarry of Thought.

—T. L. C.

"Those That Are Asleep"

"What was shall live as before"

—Browning

GRACE BEAUCHAMP

(died in junior year)

*"Life is ever Lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own."*

—Whittier

EDITH SEALSBY

(died in eighth grade)

*"Death lies on her like an untimely
frost,
Upon the sweetest flower of all the
field."*

—Shakespeare

WALTER STEELE

(died in sixth grade)

"He fell asleep."

—Bible

JOSEPH RUDOLPHUS BELL

(died in eighth grade)

*"His life had ended e're it scarce
began."*

"Some must watch
while some must
sleep."—Shakespeare

"Every why hath
a wherefore."—Shakespeare

"Nothing is too
high for the
daring of mortals."—Horace

"I dare do all
that may become
a man."—Shakespeare

"Our character
is our will, for
what we will we are."—Manning

"Reading maketh
a full man."—Bacon

"Small service
is true service."—Wordsworth



JOSEPHINE LANGELL—"Joe"

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Bible Forum '23

Debating '22, '23, '24

Declamatory Contest '21, '22

Class Representative in Student Senate '23.

Senior Class Treasurer, '24

ELMER BUCKLER—"Buck"

"I would sooner be right than be president."—Henry Clay

Senior Class President '24

Baseball '22, '23, '24. Captain '24

Assistant School Librarian

Basketball '24

DOROTHY McCAUSLAND—"Dot"

"More clever than all."

—La Rochefoucauld

Senior Class Vice-President

L. W. "Y" '22, '23, '24

Treasurer L. W. "Y" '23, '24

Camp Good Time '23

BLANCHE TUCKER—"Babe"

"'Tis only noble to be good."

—Tennyson

Chorus '23

Third Place District Typing Contest '23

Treasurer of Athletic Ass'n. '23, '24

RUTH DIEM—"Chuckles"

"My crown is called content."

—Shakespeare

Basketball '21, '22, '23

Captain Basketball Team '23, '24

Captain Speedball Team '23

President Girls' Athletic Association

"Mariner" Staff

Class Secretary '23

First Place in District Oratorical Contest '24.

LEONARD SMITH—"Len"

"The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men."

Junior Carnival '23

Senior Carnival '24

Baseball '22, '23

LEONA AMES—"Pete"

"A young man's fancy."—Tennyson

Assistant Librarian '23, '24

Chorus '21, '22, '23

Pianist

Class Treasurer '22, '23

WARNER WESTRICK—"Weaner"

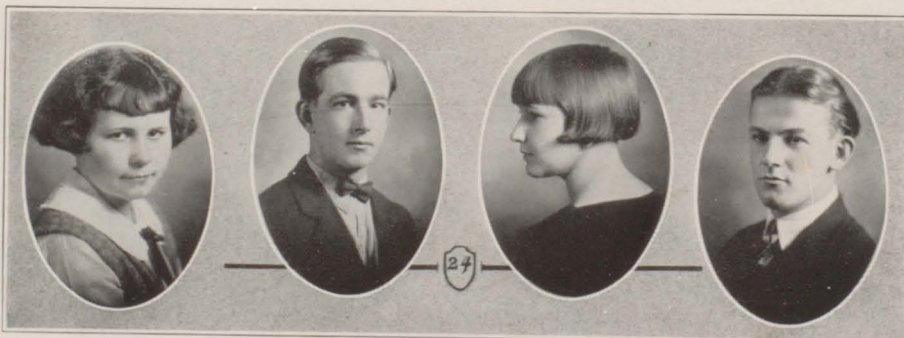
"Everybody likes him and he likes everybody."—Henry Giles

Baseball '23

Hi-"Y" '24

State Older Boys' Conference '23

R-"Y" '22, '23





MARIANA SMITH—"Mickey"

"Her step is music and her voice is song."—Bailey

"Mariner" Staff '24 Chorus '21, '22,
Class President '23 Forum '23, '24
School Band '23, '24 Debating '24

FLORENCE WESBROOK—"Fliss"

"How forcible are right words."—Bible
President of Forum '23
Debating '22, '23, '24

Third Place District Declamatory Contest '22.

First Place High School Declamatory Contest '22.

"Mariner" Staff

Class President '22

Class Vice-President '21

LINWOOD BEATTIE—"Red"

"The red-head was chief of them all."
—Kipling

Football '21, '23

Cross-country Team '21

Class Secretary '21

State "Y" Older Boys' Conference '22

FREEDA CODY—"Fritzie"

"There is nothing insignificant, nothing."—Cleridge

Carnival '23, '24

Chorus '22, '23, '24

Oratorical Contest '23

S. Y. C. '23

BERTHA LOBES—"Bert"

"Common Sense is very uncommon."
—Horace Greely

High School Band '24

Forum '23

Chorus '22

RALPH WESBROOK—"Farmer"

"Give thy thoughts no tongue nor any
unproportioned thought his act."
—Shakespeare

Junior Carnival '23

Senior Carnival '24

Hi-"Y" '23, '24

R. "Y" '22

GRACE SMITH—"Chuck"

"Our grand business undoubtedly is to
do what lies clearly at hand."

—Carlyle

"Mariner" Staff

Secretary to Superintendent and Commercial Department '22

Chorus '21, '22

L. W. "Y" '24

CHARLES MORAN—"Percy"

"He is truly great who is little in
himself."—Kempis

Holy Cross High School

St. Clair High School

Wallaceburg Grade School





RAPHAEL BOWER—"Bill"
 "Where women are."—Richard Steele
 Football '24
 Basketball '23, '24
 "Mariner" Staff
 Orchestra '24
 Chorus '21
 Class Treasurer '21

EUGENIA DEWEY—"Tillie"
 "Goodness consists in the outward things we do, as well as the inward things we are."—E. H. Caplin
 District Typing Contest '23
 Secretary of Senior Class '24
 Forum '23
 North. H. S., Detroit, Nov. '23 to June '24

HALCETIA CURRIER—"C-D"
 "Smiles are much more becoming than frowns."—Collier
 Violinist in High School Band
 Third Place District Declamatory Contest '22
 Second Place Standing Broad Jump '23
 Basketball '24

AGNES BASNEY—"Suds"
 "Everything that is exquisite."
 —Joseph Roux
 Principal's Private Secretary '23, '24
 Chorus '21, '22, '23
 Secretary L. W. "Y" '24

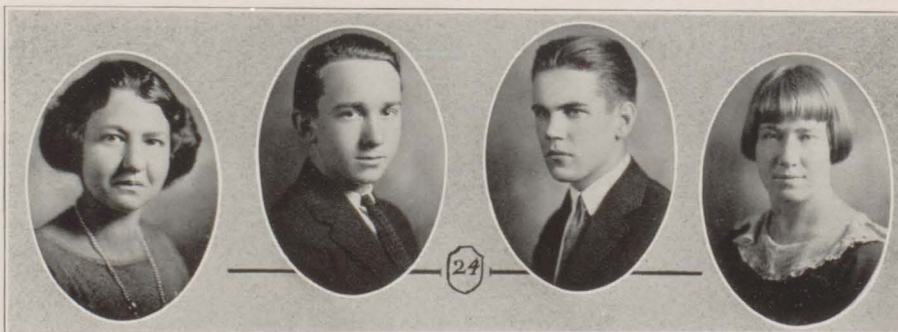
ELEANOR SCHUETT—"Nora"
 "The fewer desires, the more peace."
 —Thomas Wilson

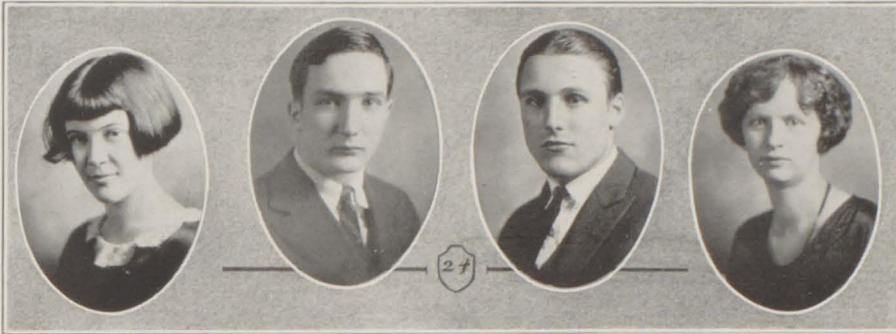
Chorus '21, '22
 Junior Carnival '23
 Senior Carnival '24

FREDERICK BECKER—"Fritz"
 "Busy with the crowded hour."
 —Emerson
 Editor-in-chief of "Mariner"
 Basketball '22, '23, '24
 Football '24

ERWIN MILLER—"Wink"
 "One good hearty laugh is like a bombshell exploding in the right place."—Talmadge
 Boys' Hi-"Y" '23, '24
 "Mariner" Staff
 R. "Y" '23

CLARA BOOTH—"Clara Dear"
 "Good sense and good nature are never separated."—Dryden
 Basketball '23, '24
 Girls' Athletic Association
 "My Aunt From California"—Leading Role
 Chorus '21, '23, '24
 S. Y. C. '23
 L. W. "Y" '24





HELEN WESBROOK—"Cutie"

"Feet as rapid as the river."—

—Longfellow

Basketball '23, '24

Speedball '24

Track Meet '23

Girls' Athletic Association '24

Physical Education

TERRENCE L. CONLIN—"Topsy"

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."—Pope

Cross-country '21

"Mariner" Staff

CHESTLY OSIER—"Chess"

"Champion have we none to match this youth."—Matthew Arnold

"Mariner" Staff

Football '20, '21, '22, '23

Captain Football Team '23

Baseball '22, '23

Captain of Baseball Team '21

Basketball '22, '23, '24

Captain of Basketball Team '23

Track '22, '23

President of Class '21

Vice-President of Class '22

RUTH SCHIRMER—"Rufus"

"What a place to be in is an old library."—Lamb

School Librarian

Debating '24

Forum '23

Oratory Contest '23

PETER ENDRES—"Pete"

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."—Gray

Rural "Y" '24

President Rural "Y" '24

Junior Carnival '23

Senior Carnival '24

GLADYS STARK—"Glad"

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."—Longfellow

Chorus '21, '22, '23, '24

Junior Carnival '23

Senior Carnival '24

HAROLD STRABLOW—"Boney"

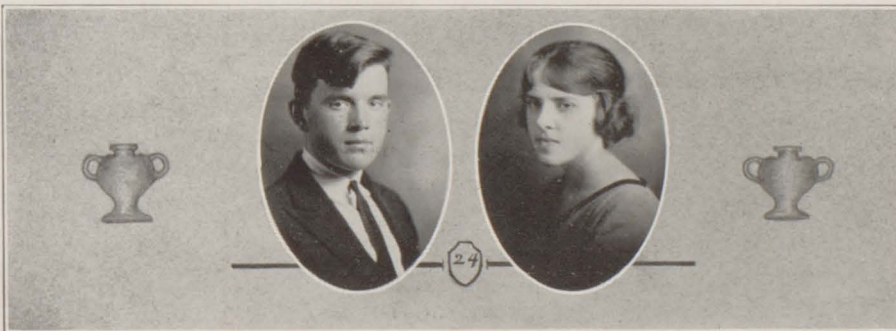
"A man of a merry face."—Kipling

Football '23 '24

Baseball '23

Junior Carnival '23

Senior Carnival '24



THE CLASS

TERRENCE L. CONLIN

Has any young Freshman got mixed with our class?
If there is, take him out without taking his sass;
Help along with your 9 D's, the forward young sprite:
We're children no longer; we're Seniors tonight.

We're Seniors! We're Seniors! and seeing we're such,
I beg to inform you we know awfully much;
A Junior's a dullard, a Soph is a fool
Compared to the Seniors, the wise class in school;
I won't bore with description, of course we are pretty—
I'll now introduce everyone in my ditty.

The first one is Elmer, our President this year,
To Glory, To History, To Memory, all dear;
He's a Buckler both meanings; we Seniors all yield
To Elmer the place of a Buckler and shield.

And foremost among all the clustering names
Came the ever-pre-eminent Leona Ames,
A good friend to all, a girl of rare worth,
The fairest of flowers that e'er grew on earth.

A gentleman careless, who never knew care—
What words can describe the thick clustering hair,
The bright Titian locks on his brilliant young brow,
And 'tis our Linwood Beattie I introduce now.

Right here is a gentleman, who quite untired,
Labored to make this book read and admired;
He cut and he slashed till 'twas fit to be read—
He's our "Mariner" Editor—our busy Fred.

"Bill" Bowers drives 'round in his papa's big Nash;
Perhaps he will end in a ditch with a smash.
He plays melodies with euphonious moan
On his ever harmonious saxaphone.

Halcetia Currier comes a long way—
Eleven long miles; she's here every day;
She's cheery and bright, never sad 'bout a thing,
Like a sweet wild flower or first bird in spring.

'This news is enough to make anyone cheer:
Eugenia's come back just to graduate here;
When she left us in spring, we thought 'twas a pity,
But Eugenia's come back to us from the big city.

Here's Peter Endres, the earth was his nurse;
Bella Bruna has said that "shy men are the worse;"
So ladies, look out, he's bashful, I fear;
If shyness is dangerous, danger lurks here.

Now Florence and Joe are the debaters prime;
They wage verbal battles and fight all the time;
Of all those that argue they're creme de la creme,
And that's why they speak on our debating team.

Dot first was an urbanite; she moved then
Out to "God's country, where men are real men."
She comes in every day from "the great open spaces;"
She's a clever young lady and has many graces.

Now this is "Wink" Miller, we're sure he's all fun,
For Miss Hanford laughs too at the things he has done;
He has a joke ready at every roll-call,
And we know that "Wink" Miller laughs loudest of all.

Here's the bright little, keen little, quick little man,
Who is known to us Seniors as Charles Moran;
He is smart as a trap, and he's not very tall—
In fact, of the Seniors, he's shortest of all.

"Chess" Osier, acknowledged our star athlete,
Can take victory easily and accept defeat.
In baseball, in football, in basketball, too,
He not only attempts, but he also can do.

Ruth Schirmer's a lady who speaks for herself,
Who knows everything that is put on a shelf,
A student of files, and a duster of nooks,
Who collects the fines due and the library books.

Unobtrusive and natural is our other Ruth,
So are Agnes, Grace, Gladys, and Nora, and Booth;
Unpretending, industrious, busy as bees
Are Blanche, Helen, Freeda, and Lobes, if you please.

George, Ralph, Pete, and Harold will not waste a word;
"The less that we speak the more wisdom is heard."
It seems in our class as if they really hold
That "speech is mere silver and silence is gold."

Leonard and Neil are of excellent pith
"Fate tried to conceal them by naming them Smith,"
But not to be outdone by cunning old Fate
They come to our school, and they never are late(?)

Here's "Mickey," a lady devoted to arts;
She pursues elusive notes, not male hearts,
She can speak well, or draw, play music, or sing;
In fact, she can do almost anything.

Our Warner's not exactly thin;
When we must work, we call him in;
He does the work like a good sport.
He's liked—He's the good-natured sort.

Here's to my class-mates, their ones and their fives,
Defeated, or winning the battle of lives,
And let me just murmur as "Onward" they pass,
"Dear Father, take care of each one of this class."

IN 11, 924 A. D.

Josephine Langell—Dorothy McCausland

This is the year 11, 924! The great pyramid in what was once Arkansas, U. S. A., built almost 12,000 years ago in 1924, for the purpose of preserving the civilization of those far-away times has been discovered. People from the Sahara and even the North Pole have flocked here by means of their radio-controlled planes to examine the contents of this great structure, for many queer things have been brought forth. Suddenly they hear a clanking sound, as if a tin can were being bumped around on a cement sidewalk. "What can this be?" they exclaim as through the doors of the great tomb appears what the driver himself claims is a prehistoric instrument of torture, on the front of which, in bold letters, appears the word "Ford;" but the absurdity of such a thing can not be compared to the apparatus, designated as the largest airplane of 1924, over which two mothers are waging a battle royal as to which shall have the toy for her baby. This completes the transportation department, and they now open the educational department, where first of all are found plans for what is called a high school. "Why! High Schools!" the people exclaim, "What were they?" And as they clamor for more information, one man brings forth a paper that is called a theme, the title of which is "History of the Class '24." "Themes!" they say. "Is it possible that even in that uncivilized age they were so barbarous, so benighted, so savagely cruel as to ask young people to write themes? Read it! Read it! We must hear it." And the following is what they read:

HISTORY OF CLASS '24

"We first entered M. C. H. S. as high school students in 1920. We were freshmen, and everything we did counted, and there were sixty of us to count. The election of president of the United States wasn't as important to us then, as the election of our class officers, and you can see how particular we were, for Chestley Osier was elected president, Florence Wesbrook, vice-president, and Raphael Bower bore the double burden of secretary and treasurer. We were able to use our class colors, green and gold, to a great advantage when we entertained the eighth grade at McLouth hall. As the hall burned not long after that we had the privilege of being the last freshman class to entertain there; and that was all for that year.

"After a year of insignificance it was a delight for us to be promoted to the Senior assembly room, where we were in daily contact with the juniors and dignified seniors. Whether the change in room made a difference or not we don't know, but the Sophomore year had much in store for us, for this year we set sail on the storm-tossed sea of theme writing, and one of the chief rocks in our course was stence errors, but our use of "Theme Building" piloted us to safety in most cases. The Sophomores took the leading role that year in social activities, for we gave many parties, among which were a box social, a dance to which all the members of the school were invited, and many victrola parties, all

of which, with the usual cooperation of the other students, were well attended and very successful. We gave these to divert our minds from the many exams and the work we thought hard then.

"The first and only time that our class divided was in the Junior year when we chose our rings, but all have agreed that we have benefited by that disagreement, for, that has been one of the biggest factors in drawing us together. Being entertained by the Sophomores at a very jolly Hallowe'en party was to us one of the most pleasant occasions of our Junior year. We felt that it was quite a waste of energy to be carrying around our "Twelve Tons" and attracting no attention, and although we hadn't studied Burns yet, we knew this one quotation, and thought it fitted:

"I wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Along with the new and interesting work of this year came an opportunity, through the Second Junior Carnival, to make the money needed to entertain the seniors of '23 at Tashmoo. We ate sandwiches, drank lemonade, and were merry on the merry-go-round, for school was over with us for a while.

"With the coming of the Senior year there came, also, American History, with its topics, book reports, clippings, and cards, none of which were any more pleasant than the writing of themes in previous years, and keeping up an English notebook on the tragedies, "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," was more of a tragedy to some students than the dramas themselves. It was not long after our first class meeting that we adopted our motto, "Onward," and our class flower, the pond lily, which carried out the colors, green and gold, we have kept during high school. By this time our number had dwindled from 60 to 30 and we missed working with our former classmates, but we were glad that even 30 had been able to remain. Our Junior-Senior box social was "alotta fun," but it could not compare with the delightful party at which Seniors were the guests of Miss Hanford. The "First Senior Carnival" was even more successful than the one we gave the year before had been, if that were possible, but the most important thing that the class ever accomplished was the publishing of "The Mariner," containing records of the personal experiences and all the activities that had meant so much to us. Finally graduation came, with the traditional thrills and frills of that occasion, and although we had looked forward to it since the grades, it was not as welcome as we thought it would be, when we realized that the very best days of our life had been left behind."

After having read this so-called theme the people have come to the conclusion that high schools must have been ideal places where all efforts were directed toward pleasure, and were ready for the first time to admit that after all there was at least one thing superior in prehistoric civilization.

CLASS PROPHECY

Florence Westbrook and Ruth Schirmer

(Introduction)

"The Mariner of 1924," said the Man of Mars when he had finished reading the book. "How very interesting it was! And to think that it was all written by Seniors twenty years ago, as they reckon time on the earth, I believe. Truly a splendid group of young people they must have been—judging by the inferior standards of that distant orb—almost fine enough to conform to our standard here in Mars. How I should like to see what they are doing now." He took up a powerful telescope, but quickly put it down again saying, "No; after all, that would not be so interesting, for it would show them as they are now. First I wish to see them a few years after graduation to see how they are preparing for their future." Then he took up a powerful glass, and reeling it back till it registered the year 1928, he adjusted it so that he could see the Senior class in that year, wherever they were. "All life is but a stage; all are but actors that take their parts, and then vanish," he murmured. He adjusted some little wires over his ears, which enabled him to hear what was being said on that distant planet, and sat back to enjoy the following play, called "Preparation," as played by the Senior class of '24.

"PREPARATION"

Act I

Scene 1. Ann Arbor

What is this? Ferry Field at Ann Arbor! A big football game is just over, I see, and one of the players is being carried home in triumph on the shoulders of several college fellows. Why, this popular hero is Chestly Osier, the former star tackle on the Marine City High School team! The voices sound nearly worn out from the yelling, but one voice still seems to have volume, for there's still a "Yea Chess! Yea Chess!" The familiar voice is Agnes Basney's. Judging from his solemn look this student over here in the crowd has apparently been little aroused by the victory. As a couple of fellows are discussing this fact, one of them is saying, "Aw, he's just a book-worm. Neither athletics nor girls attract his attention. The only girl he notices is that tall, dark-haired, and brown-eyed one with the extreme socialistic ideas. Name's Smith, I guess. Bower's studying so much has made him solemn and old for his age. Too, he's always talking about a Miss Hanford whom he must have known a long time ago. I don't know who she is, but she must be a great personage, for she's his final authority. He quotes her in every class. And that fellow, Buckler, with the dignified and important air is the best student in the Law Department. He often says that his first training was received in pleading cases with that same Miss Hanford."

His companion broke in, "Yes, and Peter Endres, who is studying medicine and was called to take a case—Helen Westbrook, one of the nurses in the hospital—said that when his patient was delirious she talked incessantly of Miss

Hanford, themes, sentence errors, clippings, American History exams, and a whole lingo of similar junk."

What's on this big bill board in this corner of the campus? Oh, an entertainment tonight by the public speaking department, with Blanche Tucker and Grace Smith taking prominent parts.

Scene II

Battle Creek

What's this? Oh, I see. A dancing lesson is taking place. There's a display of grace and beauty. Who is this person that attracts my eye especially? Why, it's none other than Freeda Cody. And here are two more of the famous athletes of that calss of '24—Bertha Lobes and Eleanor Schuett who have day by day in every way become more agile and graceful.

Scene III

Albion

"What a large class in philosophy. Seems as though there's a lot of commotion in this corner. I suppose some college trick has been performed. Why, here's Fred Becker in the midst of it, but, bless his heart, he's the only innocent one in this part of the room—the rest look so guilty. Now, why has the "Prof" expelled Fred from class after a lecture on the danger of thumb tacks? "And the criminal looked so innocent." What a funny giggle from that good natured looking person over there! Sure enough, it's Clara Booth, who has evidently thought of something funny. This girl over here seems to be doing all of the reciting; I might have known it was Josephine Langell; I see she has carried her ability along with her from High School.

Scene IV

M. A. C.

This must be one of those college parties those Earthians are always talking about. What a lively and happy bunch of young folks! Let us see, who are those two popular young ladies? Oh, yes, Leona Ames and Halcetia Currier. I see they still hold the same center of attraction at parties that they did in High School. And these two fellows whom all the girls are only too glad to accept dances from? Ralph Wesbrook and Warner Westrick. But who is Warner's partner? Oh! how terrible—he must have heard me think that question, for he's drowning out the orchestra with his sneeze reply, "Wh' is she?"

Scene V

Room in Chicago Art School Dormitory

Why, this is Ruth Diem's room. Who's her caller? Gladys Stark, who says she has come all the way from Detroit to spend the week end with Ruth, and Ruth replies, "Good! Dorothy McCausland will be here any minute. She's coming from Harvard to see me too. The papers say Dot was awarded highest honors in her class last semester, so she must be quite a personage over there."

Scene VI

Lansing

It gives me the "creeps" to look at this scene. All these young men taking the Embalmer's Examination! The quietness and solemnity of the room is cer-

tainly an appropriate atmosphere for such an exam. But in the dead silence what's this sudden outburst that takes place, startling all the writers? These two fellows here seem to be the cause of all of it. Let me see, come to think of it. I believe those two fellows belong to that famous class of '24. I must look up their names in the "Mariner." Impossible! What strange beings those earth creatures are—the joke editor, Erwin Miller, and that laughing youth, Charles Moran, preparing to be funeral directors! What an *undertaking*!

"So that was their preparation after High School. Well, well, it all looked successful," said the Man of Mars as he put down his wonderful glass. "I wonder if they are all turning out as they were preparing. I'll warrant not, for I remember some Earth poet who said,

'The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft agley.'

"Well I shall see how they look now in 1944." So he took up his telescope, which showed him the class of '24 in Act II of the play of life, which he called "Success."

"SUCCESS"

Act II

Scene I. Time 1944

(Porch of a little cottage. All surroundings show taste and comfort. Dorothy McCausland, the famous author of modern novels, writing busily. Ruth Diem, well known artist comes hurriedly up the walk).

Ruth: Miss Hanford is coming to see us! After all these years, won't it be wonderful to see her once more?

Dot: Wonderful! I have my new novel nearly finished, and she can look it over before that Ralphael gets it. He is such a strict literary critic that he can find something wrong with everything. How we will enjoy having her! She can tell us all of Marine City news, and surely she knows what some of our old classmates are doing.

Ruth: Dot!

Dot: What? We will, of course—

Ruth: Dot! Do you remember that you lent your year book to Agnes, when she taught English here last year. Her Seniors were putting out a year book, and as she had left hers at home in Marine City, and as it was impossible to do anything without one, she borrowed yours, and failed to return it. Then I left mine at our club, and it was destroyed by mistake. What shall we do? You know Miss Hanford will expect us to have them. It will be worse in her eyes than losing a theme portfolio in the old English class.

Dot: Oh dear. That is true. But I'll send a radio message to Halcetia. No! I can't; she isn't at the poultry farm just now, but has gone to some fair, miles away. (That girl may be doing well with poultry, but she surely is dead to everything else. She has more money than she needs now from getting prizes alone.) Oh, here comes Fred; being a minister, he would surely have his. Fred! Fred!! Rev. Dr. Frederick Becker!!! Wait a minute.

(Enter minister, glances at girls in slow, dignified way, and calmly answers.)

Minister: I'm sorry but I haven't much time just now, because Dr. Endres has just sent me a message that there is another case of brachimpox, and

Helen, being the only nurse, has been kept busy all the time. They are trying out this new kind of vaccination, and today every child in school was vaccinated—Peter and Helen doing it all. I am on my way to find Clara Booth, who has just returned from Africa, and who through her missionary work in Africa learned all about this disease. She will be a great help to Helen. Erwin and Charles have always been good friends of mine, and are very good undertakers—so solemn and dignified as they are, but they are getting a little too much—

Dot: Oh, that funny disease is all right, if they have to be vaccinated for it, because we were in our Senior—

Ruth: But Miss Hanford is coming! Coming here tomorrow on the 2:30 aeroplane!

Dot: And we haven't our Annuals. Can we borrow yours? Say yes! Quick!

Minister: Why, let me see. I let one of my parishoners take it, and he moved away, but I must send for it. Why yes, you can have it. It should be here in two days at least.

Ruth: That won't do a bit of good. We need it soon. Before tomorrow afternoon.

Minister: That really is too bad, but you can get one of Warner Westrick, because I heard him say that he got his idea from the cover of our year book for the color of the overalls he makes. It must have paid, because he has the largest "Stout Men's Overalls" factory in the world. I wish you good luck, but I must be going, as I have now spent more time than I should.

(Exit Minister. Slowly and with dignity.)

Dot: You run to Warner's factory and see him, and I'll go to see Elmer. It's a queer thing to go to an exceedingly busy and successful lawyer for, but he is the last person of our class in town.

Ruth: I'll go to make sure, but I know Elmer will have his. I am sure our troubles are ended.

Scene II

(Dorothy and Ruth at landing station waiting for Miss Hanford's arrival.)

Dot: Here comes the plane, and no Year Book to grace our living room.

Ruth: Yes, there it is. Oh, why should Warner lose his, and Elmer send his away to some college he intends to take another course in at some time or another, I can't understand.

Dot: Why couldn't they have kept it a little longer? They are all as anxious as we are to recover them now; but why are they so careless?

Ruth: There she is getting out! But it can't be, because she isn't carrying that theme basket. Yes, it is she after all, but who'd know her without it.

Dot: She really hasn't changed a bit, only look how grey her hair is. They must write worse themes than we did.

Ruth: The pilot is coming this way too! Why can't the station man take this fence away so that we can meet her.

Dot: But that ground is for aeroplanes only, you know.

(Miss Hanford and the pilot have come outside of the rope, which is to keep the people out of the field. She is greeted by the girls, when the pilot who has taken off her goggles is recognized.)

Ruth: Leona Ames! Why, when did you give up your bakery shop and take to flying. It certainly is good to see you once more.

Dot: Well, it is a surprise! You might have written me about it, but I'll forgive you.

Leona: I wanted to surprise you, and now that I can be trusted with the machine, I'll be back to see you in a day or so, but I have twenty-two minutes to get to Florida in, so I must go.

(She leaves midst promises to "come soon.")

Miss Hanford: It seems quite like '24 to see the three of you again, especially after the ones I saw in Detroit. It was just as I—

(Elmer comes rushing up to the girls.)

Elmer: Oh, I sent messages—

Dot: Elmer, can't you see Miss Hanford. Miss Hanford, you surely don't recognize our famous lawyer? He is doing a little business for me. (Gives him a severe look). I'll see you about that in about half an hour, Mr. Lawyer.

Elmer: You bring back to me the memories of how I first learned what I was fitted for, Miss Hanford. Those were great old times. Say, Dorothy, you could have told me why you were in such a rush for one af—

Ruth: (breaking in on him) Miss Hanford, you were going to tell us about whom you saw in Detroit.

(Messenger rushes up to Dorothy and gives her a telegram. She murmurs something of its not being important and puts it in her pocket. Miss Hanford looks rather puzzled. Another messenger with telegram for Dorothy. The girls become uneasy.)

Miss Hanford: Hadn't you better read them?

Elmer: (joyfully) Those are from—

Dot: Elmer!

Dot: Reads to herself following telegrams:

"Washington, D. C.

"In my daily debating on rights of women have found it impossible to be without it. Use it for illustrations. Sorry.

"Grace Smith."

"Algonac.

"Have used so constantly for reference as a Redpath Lecturer—worn out—send away to get new one.

"Blanche Tucker."

(Dot telegraphs a discouraged glance at Ruth. Elmer very bewildered, but finds it best not to speak. Miss Hanford very concerned.)

Miss Hanford: Girls are you in trouble?

Ruth: Just trying to locate a book.

Dot: (aside) Well I guess so!

Scene III

(Living room of Dorothy and Ruth. They are alone.)

Dot: Well, I got it explained to Elmer that she doesn't know about it, and he isn't here to make any more foolish mistakes, but what is the use? I suppose we must tell her that we have lost our "Mariners."

Ruth: At least let us keep up as long as we can. Something may turn up. (Miss Hanford enters.)

Miss Hanford: You surely have a lovely place, girls, and I brought some—

thing with me from Marine that I thought would interest you. (Hands them a paper.)

Dorothy: The old familiar "Independent!" Oh, let me see it!

Miss Hanford: And Ralph Wesbrook is editor of it now. He surely made a success of it, too, for see how it has grown.

Ruth: Ralph Wesbrook! Oh! Look here! (Reads) "Chestly Osier has finally accepted position as superintendent of Marine City schools." And look, "Miss Freeda Cody, the famous bare-back rider of the 'World's Circus,' will soon resume her work. She has spent a vacation in Marine due to a sprained ankle."

Dot: And what is this? "Marine City's new theater to have special performance; Bertha Lobes, well known actress, will appear in "My Work in Reforming Hollywood." A new superintendent, new theater, all in Marine!

Miss Hanford: Yes, and if you look at the lists of teachers you will see that Eleanor Schuett is going to be our Physical Ed. Instructor this year. On the way here I stopped in Detroit to hear a speech on socialism which had been recommended to me. I found the speaker to be none other than Mariana Smith. She has spent her life trying to convince people her theory is right. Josephine is still with her, but their views differ somewhat, as Josephine has just been made the new Klu Klux Klan leader. And, girls, have you a—

Dorothy: (side) Horrors! Here it comes!

Ruth: Miss Hanford, it is wonderful out of doors. Won't you—
(Maid enters.)

Maid: Book agent, mum.

(Enter book agent. All very surprised as they greet her.)

Ruth: Gladys Stark! Where have you been all these years and what doing?

Gladys: Busy selling books. Here is a book for you Dorothy. Agnes sent back the "Year Book" you so kindly lent her, and I am trying to see how many orders I can get for more or new Year Books.

Miss Hanford: Oh I want one, because I lost mine on the way over to Europe last year, but I am so glad that you girls think so much of yours. I didn't see them around, and I was afraid you didn't care for them anymore.

(All in friendly conversation. Dot hugging her Annual.)

Ruth: (aside to Gladys) I'll take half a dozen. You can't imagine how you helped us out.

The Man of Mars put down his telescope saying, "This is a play with a perfect ending. They all take a part and take it well. That class will at least leave a page in the book of Time."

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1924

Leona Ames—Blanche Tucker

We, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-four, of the Marine City High School, Marine City, Michigan, of much esteem and dignity, being of sound mind and disposing memory, hereby make, execute, and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

After clearing up the misunderstanding between the Juniors and Seniors in connection with the Senior Carnival, and after making peace among the members of the Senior Class, we, upon departing from old M. C. H. S., do hereby give, devise, and bequeath the following:

To the Juniors, we, as a class, bequeath the mental agony caused by weekly American History exams.

To the Sophomores, we bequeath our natural ability to disagree on subjects brought before the class.

To the Freshmen, we devise our sincere hope that they will overcome the verdant stage as rapidly as we Seniors did.

Clara Booth leaves her methods of reducing to Lillian Grainger.

Florence Wesbrook's specks (her only means of making a "Harold Lloyd effect") are bequeathed to Irving Beattie.

To Gerald Schriener, Josephine Langell bequeaths her highly-prized scales on which she weighs herself morning, noon, and night. Many times have these old scales revealed the secret of Josephine's surplus weight.

Fred Becker leaves his success in doing "Mariner" work to his sister, Lucille, so as to keep it in the Becker family.

Charles Moran, the most sympathetic member of the Senior Class, bequeaths his enormous weight and size to Clark Hill, realizing his great need.

Erwin Miller bequeaths his well-known roar to Nellie Becker.

Chestly Osier leaves his football ability to John Weng.

To Julius Zinke, Leonard Smith bequeaths his motto, "Leave today what you can do tomorrow."

Ralph Wesbrook desires to give Jack McKinney the seat he occupied in English, hoping Jack will be able to overcome the sleeping sickness infection that hangs about that location.

Raphael Bower bequeaths his skill in handling cut-outs to Reuben Prang.

The never-ceasing talking apparatus which Dorothy McCausland uses in American History, enabling her to talk for hours without stopping, is bequeathed to Florence Stark.

By this will Betty Bowers hereafter is to be blessed with Freeda Cody's vamping methods.

Ruth Diem bequeaths her laughing eyes to Florence McNeill as a method of attracting attention.

Warner Westrick exchanges sneezes with Evangeline Greenman. Although his is far more valuable, being so much more expressive, he wishes to be generous; therefore no obligation will remain.

Neil Smith gladly gives up his ninth hour assembly room seat to Chester Arnold for study.

With much regret Mariana Smith bequeaths her pose gained in violin practice to Ruth May.

Leo Kettler bequeaths his shiek hair and patent leather oxfords to Jim Tickner.

Ruth Schirmer leaves her position as librarian to Jean Scott—library pests included.

Noticing that Myron Lindner has been striving to acquire a permanent wave, Agnes Basney devises her method of marcelling hair to him.

To Edith Kessell, a natural blush is bequeathed by Bertha Lobes.

To Miss Hedrick, Halcetia Currier devises her method of curling bobbed hair.

Terrence Conlin's dates are conveyed to the Junior girls, seeing the Seniors are departing.

To Alta Boughner, Eleanor Schuett leaves her practice in making red-ink-corrections.

Helen Wesbrook leaves her device for growing tall to Miss Baker.

Grace Smith leaves her ability to pronounce words to Miss Hanson.

The Senior Class bequeaths to Miss Hanford the recently published article, "Long History Lessons Injurious to Pupils."

Last, but not least, Elmer Buckler devises his method of handling Seniors to Russell Stark.

We do hereby appoint the Sargent's Prophets in Senior Study Hall as the executors of this, our Last Will and Testament, and hereby cancel any and every will heretofore made by us.

In testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this twenty-seventh day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

SENIOR CLASS OF 1924.

State of Michigan, County of
St. Clair.

On this twenty-seventh day of March in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four, the Seniors of the Marine City High School signed the foregoing pages in my presence to be their Last Will and Testament, and as witness thereof, I by their request do submit my name.

MONA LISA, of Room 8.

Notary Public.

THE COMPOSITE SENIOR

CAN YOU IMAGINE SUCH A PERSON WITH:

EARS—like Leona Ames' (never seen).

HAIR—the color of Linwood Beattie's.

EYES—as big as Ruth Schirmer's.

FOREHEAD—like Josephine Langell's (hidden).

MOUTH—shaped like Raphael Bower's.

WIT—to match Blanche Tucker's.

NOSE—like that of Eugenia Dewey.

STRENGTH—of Terrence Conlin.

LAUGH—like that of Gladys Stark.

VOICE—of George Johnson.

SNEEZE—that says the same as Warner Westrick's.

GROUCH—like Clara Booth's.

SMILE—to meet that of Agnes Basney.

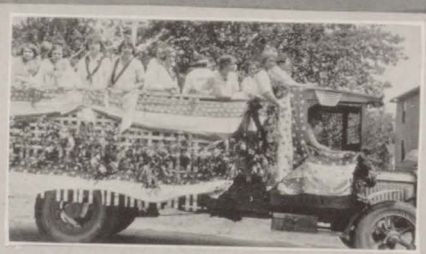
WALK—like Freeda Cody's.

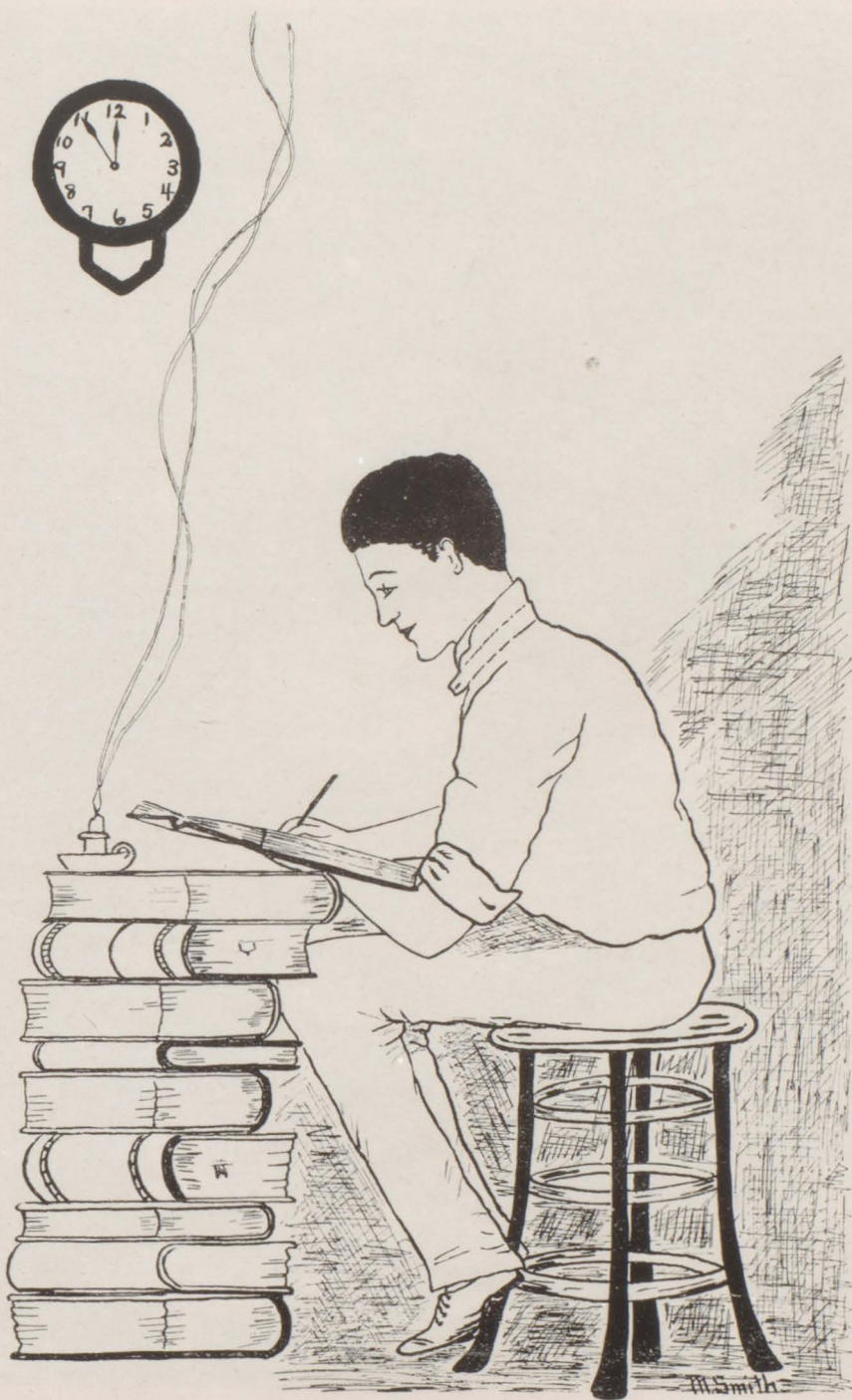
ELOQUENCE—of Peter Endres.

LOGIC—of Terrence Conlin.

HEIGHT—of Charles Moran.

BY PA JONG.







JUNIORS

JUNIORS

"Boobies have looked as wise and bright

As Plato and the Stagyrte."—Moore

President.....	Nellie Becker
Vice-President.....	Gordon Arnold
Secretary.....	Olive Lobes
Treasurer.....	Florence McNeill

Edna Baker
 Bruce Beattie
 Elizabeth Bower
 Alta Boughner
 Albert Daniels
 Marie Duchane
 David Foster
 Hazel Foster
 Lillian Grainger
 Evangeline Greenman
 Robert Henry
 Mae Horton
 Carl Jacobi
 Emma Joure

Gerald Schriner
 Edith Kessel
 Myron Lindner
 Hazel McDonald
 Ruth May
 Jack McKinney
 Reuben Prange
 Florence Rose
 Helen Scott
 Jean Scott
 Florence Stark
 Russell Stark
 Charlotte Tickner
 Julius Zinke

Valerie Kirchner

CLASS ADVISERS

Miss Hedrick

Mr. McDonald

JUNIOR CLASS

Marie Duchane

Once I saw a girl and an old lady talking as they walked down the street. As the dear old lady hobbled along beside the girlish figure, she looked up and said with a sigh, "My, I feel old when I see you young folks."

"Why, grandma, you can't possibly feel any older than I do, for I'm a Junior now," the girl said, proudly showing her beloved class ring with the letters "M. C. H. S." and "25" shining on top. (Wearing this is a privilege all the Juniors have and are proud of, even if some envious people say the settings are too large).

Isn't it queer that when a thing first happens you are really entranced, but later the novelty wears off, and you realize that it is not so wonderful after all? So it was with this "old" Junior, for not long afterward I heard her tell one of her upper class-men how insignificant she felt beside the proud Seniors.

The considerate Senior answered in quite a superior, yet motherly way, "I know how you feel, little Junior; I was once in that grade myself, long, long ago—last year—but you will find it is the stepping stone into the Senior class. Although," she added as an afterthought, "some people use it as a stumbling block." We Juniors are aware of the fact, and are proud to say that although it is a stumbling block for some, it is a stepping stone for us, as we are not only going to use it to step into the Senior class next year, but also to step forth and take our place in this world.

Whom should we give the credit to for things accomplished in our Junior year, as well as any other year in school? Teachers, of course! We have to thank our teachers for a great deal, and when we are mentioning teachers we should not overlook our appreciated class advisers, Mr. James McDonald and Miss Helen Hedrick. Although we gratefully accepted the help of our more experienced upper classmen in "Our Carnival," some day we are going to surprise the world and do something truly great. You needn't laugh, for right now our English class can boast of having a member who seems to know and use more words than Webster himself, and also, of one of the greatest philosophers of the day, whose ideas we thoroughly enjoy, for they are so original and deep. As smart people can be placed in two groups—the ones who are always showing their brilliance by bright remarks, and the ones who know a lot but say only a little—our truly wonderful class claims the honor of having both types; for instance, there's that boy in the front seat who always has a good answer ready but never volunteers, and that girl in the back who freely gives her ideas. Moreover no one can dispute our marvelous ability who has ever been honored with a chance to gaze upon our "English Scrapbook," which is truly a wonderful piece of art. We were going to build an extra strong table, and maybe a new room—a new school if possible—to hold our treasure, but decided it wiser to wait until the wonderful work was complete before attempting anything greater. Besides the Juniors are just as steady gum-chewers as any other grade in our beloved M. C. H. S. Then there is the youngest member in our class, whose name always finds its way to the Honor List, and whom we are all proud of, even if she can claim that we are all old enough to be her big brothers and sisters.

As to the future I'll warrant that, after we have absorbed all this school, the school of hard knocks, and a college have to offer, you will find every last one of us in some city, making good in business, even if it is no more than shoe-shining.





SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORES

*We were neither man nor woman,
We were neither brute nor human—
We were Sophs!*

President.....Wilson Wonsey
Secretary and Treasurer.....David Lester

Chester Arnold
Edna Baker
Elizabeth Baker
Gladys Baker
Irma Baker
Irving Beattie
Lucille Becker
Clifford Cadotte
Aldine Conley
Evelyn Cooley
Josephine Daley
Roscoe Davidson
Ellwood Daniels
Beatrice Endelman
Earl Foster
William Fritz
Clark Hill
Hayden Hale
Viola Hill
Robert Holland
Melbourne Hustman
Edward Joachim

Ernest Johnson
Milton Jacobi
Henry Kersten
Ralph Lester
Evelyn Marshall
George Miller
Catherine Miller
Hazel McDonald
Norma Naden
Phyllis Parker
Floyd Reichle
Stewart Robertson
Cassius Saph
Russell Simons
Lee Smith
Florence Steele
Leon Strablow
Dorothy Sealby
Ethel Trerice
John Weng
Gladys Wenning
Millicent Wilkinson

CLASS ADVISERS

Mrs. St. Clair

Mr. Russell

SOPHOMORES

To the Juniors the Sophomores seem worthy of absolutely no consideration, but they show us Seniors that they are, because they are carrying Geometry and Second Year Latin. A great deal of energy is displayed by them in arguing this fact—that they are of a great deal of importance and very essential to High School.

Although the "Sophs" individual sitting room (room 12) was truly disappointing to them at first, it's another case of the fox and the sour grapes, for now they say they wouldn't have any other, and are quite conceited over the fact that they are the only class in school with a private room.

When a Senior inquired what they were studying Parliamentary drill for the answer was that many members of their class had prospects of entering Congress, and although their modesty prevented them from saying it, they hinted at putting up a member or two for president of U. S. some day.

This class claims some famous ceramists. Although just practicing in the art of pottery now they expect some of their work to go down in history.

Actors? They have them. This class is very talented in acting, and 'tis said by some teachers, especially in acting up.

Among the honors claimed by this class is that of having the most "country kids" of any class in school.

Altogther the class of '26 has very promising possibilities, and a prominent future is predicted for them.





FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN

*"Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day."—Gray*

VirgiNia aCkley

Doris AVers

Eileen BaKer

CarL baKer

GladyS Baker

Hilda Baird

Fred BeebE

MURieL bOOth

NayloR BRabaw

Mary Cadotte

Robert Campbell

Altha Cook

Mary DALYL

EMily HetheringTon

Wallace Hill

LEroy hollAnd

Charlotte joUre

Wm. JoUre

EuGenE kesSel

Sarah Kiddle

FrEd mAy

RollO May

DonaLD mACdonalD

MuRiel MitchEl

wM. mCRae

Emma MuRphy

Kermit Osler

HaRriet RoSe

CarL Schaaf

MaRy SchrineR

CliNTon Sharrow

Evelyn ShaRRow

Louise Sharrow

JoHn SIMonS

Warren smIth

jamEs smiTh

VerNoN Smith

HELen StromLER

Leamon TedDer

WM. TUCKer

HaZeL wEsBrOok

CLASS ADVISERS

Miss Hanson

Miss Travis

JUST FRESH

Inas McKinney

Few people realize the importance of the year Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen in the annals of the Marine City High School, for it was then the present class of forty-six members began school.

Of course, like all the previous classes, we have our celebrated members, too. Charles Kettler is the school cheer-leader, and so no wonder we won so many basketball games. Another member who deserves honorable mention is Frederick May, who looks like a Pole but is a good American. Besides that there are many out of the forty-six that are real SCHOLARS. Although much energy is wasted in exercising the facial muscles, yet what would a class be without a few gum chewers.

This year when the Athletic Association sold Booster pins our class stood almost one hundred per cent. Some of our boys made the second football team. The Freshman girls had a good representation for speedball, some making the team, and quite a few have been out for baseball practice.

In spite of all this individual brilliancy, our class, as a class, so far has not done anything quite worth while enough to go down in the history of the school, but from now on each and everyone of us is going to adopt the slogan, "A new and better school;" we will then be able to show some of the former freshman classes what a real live class can do.



G. A. A.

Ruth Diem

Clara Booth

Helen Wesbrook

In the fall of '23 the girls of Junior and Senior high school met with Miss Dorothy Stahmar, the Physical Education Instructor, and organized a Girls' Athletic Association, which is the basis of all the athletic activities in which they participate. This has created a new interest for the girls, as it is the only organization in which all the girls meet on the same level. In order that any girl may take part in any games she must be a member of the G. A. A. The co-operation of the girls made this new organization a success and should in the future continue to make it one of the outstanding organizations of M. C. H. S.

The officers elected were:

President—Ruth Diem.

Vice President—Halsetia Currier.

Secretary and Treasurer—Charlotte Tickner.

Cheer Leader—Mariana Smith.

Speedball, a combination of football, basketball, and soccer, was introduced into the St. Clair County high schools last fall. Only one game was played by Marine City, that with Algonac there, the score being tied, 1-1.

Many girls were interested in this new activity, came out to practice, and became familiar with rules, so that next year they will reap the benefit of learning the theory first.

The girls on the speedball team were:

Center forward—Catherine Miller.

Left forward—Violet Wesbrook.

Right forward—Iras McKinney, Lucille Becker.

Left end—Dorothy Mitchell, Arletta Case.

Right end—Ethel Dust.

Left half-back—Helen Wesbrook.

Right half-back—Halsetia Currier.

Full back—Nell Stocky, Muriel Booth.

Left goal guard—Ruth May.

Right goal guard—Harriet Williamson.

Goal keeper—Ruth Diem. (Captain)



TRACK



	Place
Jack Dickenson	
880 Yard Dash.....	3
Everett Thomas	
440 Yard Dash.....	3
Easton Kirchner	
Pole Vault	1
100 Yard Dash.....	2
220 Yard Dash.....	3
Carl Jacobi	
440 Yard Dash.....	1
Broad Jump.....	3
Joe Miller	
High Jump.....	1
Milton Hunt	
880 Yard Dash.....	2
Aubrey Kirchner	
Pole Vault.....	1
Shot Put.....	1
Discus	1
Marine City	
Relay Team.....	1

During the spring of "23" Mr. Pierce drilled his men who were to represent Marine City in the annual track meet to be held at Tashmoo, St. Clair, Algonac, Marysville, and Marine City competing. On June 8, the day of much excitement in the county, when the Track Meet is held and the championship for baseball is played for, the track team went to Tashmoo, defeated all the other teams, and returned with the championship.

Marine City's team secured four first places and tied for two. The track team also set four county records—the pole vault, discus, shot put, and high jump. In the pole vault two Marine men tied for first place, setting a record in the county for that event; and in the shot put Aubrey made a record no other man came near.

This makes our second victory, and if Marine City wins again this year the Wills cup will remain in our school. A great deal of credit is due to Mr. Pierce and his untiring efforts to better the team.



BASEBALL

LINE-UP

Carl Jacobi, C.
Leonard Smith, P.
Neil Smith, F. B.
Chestly Osier, S. B.
Clifford Cadotte, S. S.
Milton Jacobi, T. B.

Elmer Buckler, L. F.
Volney Jones, C. F.
Harold Strablow, R. F.
Bruce Beattie, Sub.
Warner Westrick, Sub.

Mr. Russell, Coach

SCHEDULE

M. C. H. S.	12	vs	St. Clair	4	There
M. C. H. S.	2	vs	Port Huron	14	There
M. C. H. S.	10	vs	Marysville	6	Here
M. C. H. S.	8	vs	Yale	3	Here
M. C. H. S.	3	vs	Capac	17	There
M. C. H. S.	12	vs	Algonac	9	There
M. C. H. S.	2	vs	Capac	15	Tashmoo, June 8

SECOND PLACE

Early in the spring of '23, Mr. Russell, who was a new instructor in school, gave out the call for candidates for the baseball team, but as the year before the team hadn't won a game, the outlook wasn't very good; still Mr. Russell went to his task with a light heart, and I might say finished with a light heart, because he so organized the team and inspired them that when the season ended we were in second place and had a chance for the championship against Capac. But a jump from last to second place in one season was to be our limit, for we lost the game at Tashmoo and let the championship go to Capac.



ST. CLAIR COUNTY FOOTBALL CHAMPS, '23

LINE-UP

M. Foster, L. E.
C. Osier, L. T.
E. Arnold, L. G.
H. Strablow, C.
G. Johnson, R. G.
L. Beattie, R. T.
F. Becker, R. E.

R. Bower, L. H. B.
C. Jacobi, R. H. B.
M. Jacobi, Q. B.
B. Beattie, F. B.
J. Tickner, G. Arnold, H. Kersten,
E. Daniels, Subs.

Mr. McDonald, Coach

SCHEDULE

Oct. 2	Port Huron.....	0	M. C. H. S.....	0	Here
Oct. 5	Marysville.....	7	M. C. H. S.....	21	Here
Oct. 13	Highland Park.....	54	M. C. H. S.....	0	There
Oct. 19	Richmond.....	50	M. C. H. S.....	0	Here
Oct. 26	St. Stevens.....	0	M. C. H. S.....	1	There Forfeit
Nov. 2	St. Clair.....	0	M. C. H. S.....	7	There
Nov. 9	Algonac.....	0	M. C. H. S.....	12	Here
Nov. 16	River Rouge.....	6	M. C. H. S.....	6	Here
Nov. 23	Yale.....	0	M. C. H. S.....	7	There
Opponents.....		117	M. C. H. S.....	54	

Marine City High School had a good season in football, winning five, tying two, and losing two games.

All the county games were won, which resulted in Marine City getting St. Clair County football championship for '23.

The season started very encouragingly, as we tied Port Huron in one of the fastest and most exciting games of the year. Three days later the team defeated Marysville 21 to 7.

In the next two games Marine City showed a complete reversal of form, for we were "whitewashed" by Highland Park and Richmond, two very good teams.

During the rest of the season we were not defeated once, but on one occasion had to be content with a 6 to 6 tie. This game was with River Rouge, and was played in a sea of mud and water.

Yale and Algonac were defeated in easy fashion, while the St. Clair game was very fast and proved to be the deciding game for the county championship, which was won by a 7 to 0 score.

Combined good coaching by Mr. McDonald and the good team work and fine spirit shown by the fellows, brought good results for the Marine City High School football team of 1923.



BASKETBALL

In June of '23 four of the Basketball men graduated, weakening the team, but coach and men made up their minds to have a good year in spite of the handicap.

When those who intended to make the first team reported, the prospects looked very good, because five of them had played on the first team in previous years. Mr. McDonald, who was a new coach here, selected ten men from the ambitious ones, as he intended to carry that number throughout the season, something no other coach had done. However, losing several of the best players along in midseason weakened the team a great deal, but in spite of the hard luck the fellows fought as all M. C. H. S. men fight and finished well up in the league, as the following record shows:

Line Up

Chestly Osier	R. F.	Jack McKinney
Raphael Bower	L. F.	Fred Becker
Linwood Beattie	C.	Bruce Beattie
Elmer Buckler	R. G.	Monty Foster
Carl Jacobi	L. G.	Ellwood Daniels
Milton Jacobi	F.	James Tickner
Everett Arnold	G.	

Mr. McDonald, Coach



SCHEDULE

Dec. 15	M. C. H. S.....10	vs	Alumni.....	7	Here
Dec. 22	M. C. H. S.....26	vs.	New Haven.....	33	There
Jan. 4	M. C. H. S.....21	vs	Marysville.....	26	There
Jan. 5	M. C. H. S..... 8	vs	Port- Huron.....	25	There
Jan. 11.	M. C. H. S.....21	vs	Capac.....	18	Here
Jan. 18	M. C. H. S.....49	vs	Algonac.....	4	Here
Jan. 25	M. C. H. S.....21	vs	Yale.....	12	Here
Feb. 1	M. C. H. S.....12	vs	St. Clair.....	27	There
Feb. 8	M. C. H. S.....22	vs	Marysville.....	24	Here
Feb. 15	M. C. H. S.....12	vs	St. Clair.....	15	Here
Feb. 22	M. C. H. S..... 9	vs	Mariners.....	36	Here
Feb. 29	M. C. H. S.....22	vs	Algonac.....	8	Here
Mar. 6	M. C. H. S.....10	vs	Capac	6	There



GIRLS' BASKETBALL '24

Ruth Diem

With the aid of our coach, Miss Stahmer, the Girls' Basket Ball team of '24 played an erratic season, winning six games, losing five, and tying one.

Despite the fact that M. C. lost many of their games, we have every reason to be proud of the team, for no one can deny the fact that every girl did her level best from the time she entered until the whistle blew. With only three regulars and one sub graduating and with a better place to play in, M. C. H. S. should be well represented next year.

1924 GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Forwards—Charlotte Tickner, Nellie Becker

Centers—Helen Wesbrook, Nell Stocky

Guards—Clara Booth, Ruth Diem (Capt.)

Subs.—Halctia Currier, Catherine Miller

Coach, Miss Stahmer

New Haven.....	6	SCHEDULE	Marine City	24
Marysville	30		Marine City	15
Port Huron	15		Marine City	12
Capac	14		Marine City	21
Algonac	26		Marine City	26
Yale	21		Marine City	19
St. Clair.....	31		Marine City	3
Marysville	18		Marine City	28
St. Clair	15		Marine City	10
Port Huron 12.....	12		Marine City	15
Algonac	6		Marine City	24
Capac	8		Marine City	9
Total	194		Total	216



CHILD LABOR

(First prize oration in sub-district, second in district contest, 1924)

Ruth Diem

" 'For oh!' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.'
They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of the angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
'How long?' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper.
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.' "

So Mrs. Browning pictures the conditions existing in the 19th century, but today the world congratulates itself that they have been bettered; yet we see in the South little children of the most noble possibilities, attracted by the seemingly high wages of the factory, striving to earn their living. County authorities have the power to take children from pauper families and to apprentice them to employers, and destitute parents sell their children into such service by written contracts; helpless little children, from six and seven years of age, are secured in this fashion, auctioned off thousands at a time to great factories where their life is a ghastly slavery, their few hours of sleep often spent in filthy hovels from which some other relay of little workers has just been aroused. When one batch of such labor has been used up, another is always ready at practically no cost! How will the future reckon with these children?

Not only in the South do the children cry for aid; in the sweatshops of the North, too, a recent investigator found that children are working without attention to personal cleanliness, from three to fifteen in the same room, where they eat, sleep, and live, and where disease and deformity are brought on by dust and confinement; that two and three-year-old children may there be seen applying paste to the bowls of artificial flowers, so that the older sister or mother may add the petals; that—

"They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one,
Little children who have never learned to play."

A wholesale dealer invites bids, makes a contract with the lowest bidder, and farms out his work at starvation wages. The hours devoted to this task are regulated only by the amount of material on hand or the physical endurance of the worker—Sundays and holidays, yet they toil on.

See that little lad as he slowly moves along the crowded, narrow street, scraggly arms wrapped around a huge bundle of finished work to return to the

"sweater" for a few pennies? See his sunken chest, his rounded back? See those hollow cheeks, his pale face and haggard eye! Was it of such a child as this that Wordsworth could say:

"Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height?"

Ah, no! Better might the later poet exclaim of this figure too:

"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?"

But let us turn from the horror of the sweat-shops to the Michigan beet fields, which through intensive cultivation, have established child labor in the open country in as brutal a commercialized form as this we have seen. The migratory families follow the beet crop season after season, going into the fields when the beets are first ready and remaining through the harvest, for here they find employment for their children which is denied them, in some states, in factories by child labor laws. Why? From the time the tiny plants are barely above the ground it is the task of the child to block, weed, thin, and hoe them. He walks in a stooping posture, bent over like a question mark, with feet and hands on the ground and head hanging downwards, or more commonly crawls on hands and knees, using sacks or old clothing to protect the knees! After the "lifter" has passed, the beets, weighing from five to twelve pounds apiece, are pulled two at a time and pounded together several times to remove clinging dirt. With straddled legs, the hands near the ground, a partial straightening as the beets are pulled, a vigorous motion of the arms as they are knocked together and a swing of the body to the sides as they are pitched into a rick, the worker pulls the beets. When these motions are repeated over and over again ten to twelve hours a day, six to seven days a week, from four to seven weeks, beet pulling becomes no easy task. Nor do the later stages of the work bring relief, as the "topper" for the same length of time in a stooped position commonly uses his knee as a "chopping block," whether he sits, stands or kneels.

People advocating child labor in beet fields say it is not hard and does not hurt the child, because it is all done in the fresh air and sunshine, but analysis of the working conditions challenges this statement. A little fifteen-year-old girl was heard to remark:

"Is it hard? Say, did you see in the paper that work children do in the fields is not hard? You take it from me, whoever wrote that sure stays in a city office and don't know what he is talking about. He never worked in beets or he'd know better'n to say a thing like that!" Often is heard:

"Beet work is very hard for grown people, but it doesn't hurt the kids, 'cause they don't have so far to bend. (It don't hurt the "hunkies" either, for a "hunky" ain't got any backbone)."

The short growing season in Michigan necessitates great pressure all through

the summer, which increases at harvesting time and carries with it the double reward of saving the crops and finishing, if possible, before the workers are exposed to extreme cold weather; but after all, the unfortunate families can pay little attention to the weather, for the work must be done, and in a late harvest they labor on, wet to the skin, in snow, ice, and half-frozen mud, hurrying their work to keep from freezing! Other physical hazards resulting from this work are many, as for example, children using a necessarily sharp knife for "topping" cut their fingers or slash their legs, yet come back into the fields to continue their work. Is it possible for the masters of these "slaves of the wheel of labor" to pass by the field without feeling "Times tragedy in that aching stoop"? How sensitive the nerve ending in the pocket must be! Must the parents put the little ones into the fields instead of schools? An influential beet grower in Michigan answered:

"What does a man raise his kids for? If he can't work them before they are twelve years old, he will never get anything out of them. My neighbors send their children through the eighth grade, and when they are fourteen to sixteen years old they leave 'em, and their parents never get anything out of 'em. If we can't work the kids before they are twelve years old we might just as well have none. They don't miss much school, 'cause we have our schools fixed to suit our work, so they go to school when we don't need 'em on the farm."

Child labor in the mines and glass factories has long since been eliminated, both by law and public sentiment—can we not eliminate it in the beet fields also? Are these children of lesser value? What have they done that we should ignore their sufferings?

When work kills the revivifying spirit of creative efforts, when the joy of achievement is taken away, when the task is reduced to a mere mechanical repetition of a wearying process, it becomes labor of the worst kind. The effects of bad environment in childhood may be found in the lives of grown-up men and women, when they suffer ill-health, lose out in competition with those better prepared, or are dissatisfied with life because of an unhappy childhood. Whatever a child does is part of his education, will have a lasting effect, and should be adapted to his needs and interests. Child labor under harsh and unwholesome conditions is a wrong, not alone against the children whose lives are thus blighted, but against society.

Statutes that hold will be good when we get them, but the enlistment of public opinion is also necessary. "A national child labor law that cannot be overthrown by the United States Supreme Court—a measure to lift the status of American children above those in India, China, and Japan—a law to prevent 400,000 children under fourteen years of age from working in mills, mines, factories, and other various industries"—this, and this only, is the remedy.

This is the objective that every American should work for. Can we, under that national banner that has so long stood for progress and equality of opportunity for all continue to take blood money of youth? God forbid!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIBRARIAN

By Ruth Schirmer

Our library is a small room, but quite old, as can be seen by the bumpy surfaces of the tables. Some of the gum stuck here may be but a few days old, while on the other hand, some of the hard crumbly wads must date back to King Tut. The supply of reading material, however, seems still to be large enough for the needs of the school—that is, if there are plenty of "American", "Popular Radio" and "American Boy" magazines. The back pages of the "Literary Digest" is also much appreciated. Books by L. M. Montgomery, Gene Straton Porter, and Alger are always ready to be mended, while our dearly beloved "Works of William Shakespeare," "Library of Oratory," and "Library Universal Literature" are slowly wearing out by the once-a-year dustings.

Seniors will stand between both calendars and ask, "What date is it today?" Juniors will look all through the books to find pictures and the name of the illustrator to fill out "Drawn by", on the library slips instead of their own name. Sophomores have a hard time remembering whether it is the twenty-third book they are taking, to put down by "number" instead of the number of the book. Freshmen are the ones that can read, because a book called "Little Smoke" will become on the slip "Little Snoop", "Three Musketters", "Thy Mosquitos", or "Four Footed Americans", "Four Fatted Animals".

If the place needs ventilation, a fancy design is put in the window, by a football. If a teacher gives a hard lesson or an unwelcome lecture, the library is a wonderful place for the meeting of wise critics. If a complaint is made about the room being too small, the result is a mysterious Monday-morning-disappearance of the library table, only to appear quite as suddenly after a half day's hard and steady search.

All in all, it is sometimes a hard place for a librarian to work in, but if a book is gone it can always be said, "Some teacher may have taken it and forgotten to write out a slip," and there is never a lack of patrons, because the library is a place to escape to from the assembly room.

A SENIOR'S ADVICE

(a la Polonius)

Close-clasped keep thy thought in English class,
Nor act at all (unless 'tis to act up.)
Be thou at ease, but be thou not too easy.
The gum thou hast, the brand that thou hast tried,
Stick to it as it fain would stick to you,
But do not dull thy taste with each new flavor.
Beware of coming late into assembly room; on coming in
Bear boldly, lest they be aware of thee.
Give everyone thy voice, but few thy thought;
Take each assignment, but reserve thy drudgement.
Costly thy habits as thy pence may buy,
But don't buy heavy sodas, rich and gaudy,
For there is peril in the soda stand;
And spend thou slow with certain hesitation.
Be more select and generous to yourself.
Always the borrower, ne'er the lender be,
For money loaned is lost and at an end,
And lending busted up economy.
This above all: (and now I'm almost through)
Be shirfless, lazy, and thy work ne'er do;
When teachers pause to pan thee, let them pan;
Then you'll not graduate, nor ever can.

—TOPSY.

THE WOLF

By Julius A. Zinke

When day yields sooner to the night,
From a far northern domicile,
With a howling so weird and ghastly,
That reminds one of his sepulchre,
Comes the "Wolf of Winter".

He preys on the health of men
With his sharp cry, the North wind;
And the beast, with stinging pain,
Always in readiness is lurking
To seize his victims unawares.

When mortals in his death grip are bound,
Then his frosty breath is felt,
And his teeth of snow and sleet
Pierce their tender skin,
Leaving them in agony.

Unable to endure affliction longer,
Man takes to his dwelling place,
Pursued by the wolfish beast,
Who with maddening frenzy
Attacks frail man's handiwork.

But his ferocious attack is vain,
For each time the beast charges
He is repulsed again and again,
And the hearth fire roars in defiance
When he passes defeated by.

O fires of hope, burn a brighter hue
To weather the wintry storms of life;
O soul, be not affeared of temptation's cry,
But let thyself undaunted be
Safe housed within the arms of Deity.

THE DRAMA CLUB

By Florence Steele

Place—Lower Hall

Time—Between Bells

Dramatis Personae—Curiosity and Information

Curiosity—When did this club start, anyway?

Information—Oh! along about Hallow'en time after we had finished studying the "Merchant of Venice."

Curiosity—Who belong in this drama club? The whole school?

Information—No, just some of the tenth grade students. We don't have to take part in it unless we want to, but the work is so interesting that the boys and girls like it. We get credit in English, too, if we work well.

Curiosity—What do you do?

Information—Oh, we try to act plays.

Curiosity—Have you given any so far?

Information—Yes, in January we gave the Portia and Nerissa scene, the Casket scene, and the Ring scene from the "Merchant of Venice."

Curiosity—My, but it must have been terribly dry to do the "Merchant of Venice."

Information—Oh! no, we had a lot of fun trying to carry out Mrs. St. Clair's directions, besides the fun when we weren't trying.

Curiosity—Are you planning on giving any more plays?

Information—One group is going to give Stewart Walker's "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" for the Senior Carnival. Later in the spring the rest are planning to give "All a Mistake," a three act comedy. You had better join our club, and then next year you won't have to ask any one about the good times we have.

Curiosity—Thank you, but I think that Information makes a better drama club member than Curiosity would, don't you?

THE GIRLS' "CAMP GOOD TIME"

By Ruth May

One o'clock on a certain Monday girls, clad in knickers and lugging huge suitcases, were seen scurrying down the streets of Marine City all headed for a common destination, the High School. They came by twos and threes from all corners of the town. There was an air of bustle and excitement everywhere, and when the automobiles rolled up the girls piled in and were off for a glorious holiday—to camp on Lake Huron.

In the trip up there we raced with the other machines, got lost, went past the camp, but at last struck the right road, joggled over it, and suddenly came to an abrupt stop, almost plunging over the cliff.

When we had thrown our luggage out of the cars, some of us went down the beach to eat our lunch, while the rest went to the dining tent where the benches were in the process of being constructed. In the midst of our repast the bench gave way, upsetting girls, food, and everything. Just some of the Marine City and St. Clair girls were there, and since there were only a few hours before bedtime and no place to sleep in sight, we all pitched in to help. The men folks put up five of the tents and bet the women they couldn't put up the other. We had some time of it, I'll say! We cut down trees with a dull hatchet, were almost melted under the unmerciful rays of the sun, and one of our number nearly got her head cut off! But at last we got it up. Oh, what a relief! And then our poor tired bodies were not through, but we must tramp two miles to a straw stack, fill our ticks and tramp back again.

When supper was announced you may be sure we were all there on time and hungry as bears. After supper we gathered together round the camp fire, and each girl told her name, nickname, where she was from, and the biggest lie she could. Then there was hurrying and scurrying to get in bed before the whistle was sounded. Of course no one of us could find what we wanted, but got our things all mixed up with our neighbors' and the lanterns just wouldn't light! But we managed to get ready somehow. The whistle blew. "All lights out." A few minutes of prayer. Then not a sound but the beating of the waves against the shore.

Suddenly a whistle shrieked. We started up and looked around. "What, is it morning? Why, I'm sure I just went to sleep five minutes ago." We started to dress in a half-awake sort of fashion, when the whistle for setting-up exercises or the morning dip was heard. Oh, but the water was cold! We patiently suffered through the setting up exercises, hoping desperately that the call to breakfast would soon be given. We lost no time in getting to the table, and oh what food! Did you ever taste such stuff! It was the best food we'd ever eaten; we just couldn't get enough!

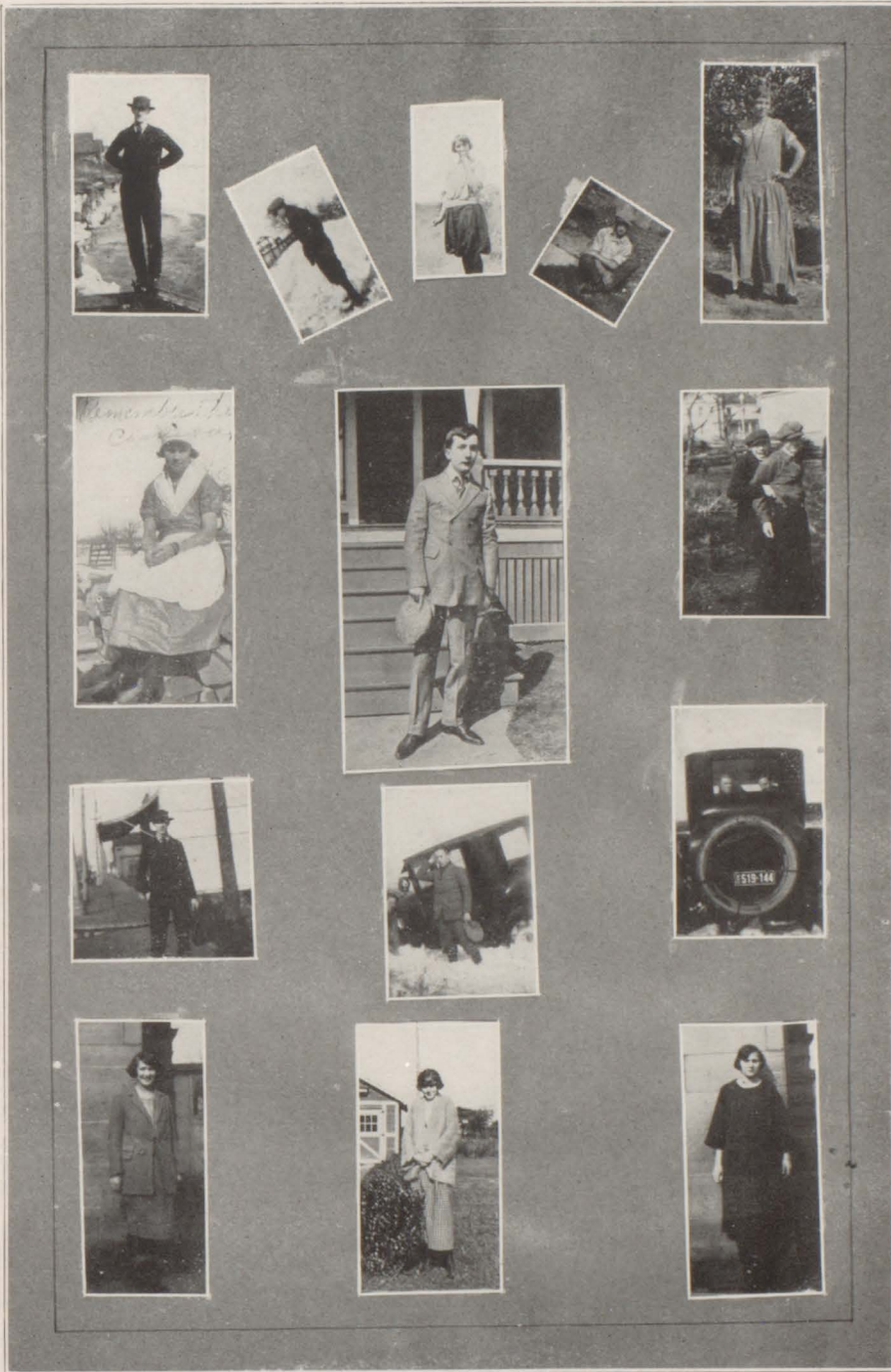
After breakfast we had Bible study, followed by tent inspection—the one

thing every girl adored. Our beds had to be just so—not a speck of dirt, not a bit of wood or bark on the floor, all beds and suit cases uniform.

Our games were an endless source of fun. We had contests between the different tents in volley ball and baseball and swimming.

After dinner and the following rest period, we had our Methods class, where we discussed problems of leadership. Then there was our First Aid class where we made light of arteries, bruises, and sickness in general. But, oh, we were thankful for our First Aid instructions when we came down (and swelled up) with poison ivy. In our Nature Study class we tramped through the woods and up the beach, identifying the birds and plants we saw. One evening we hiked way up the shore, cooked our supper and had our camp fire program. This was varied each evening; one night was social, another religious, where different girls gave informal talks; twice outside speakers entertained us. Then stunt night was a "scream"—especially "Barney Google"; and the last night was a sacred as well as ne'er to be forgotten one, when gathered around the fire the girls consecrated anew for Christian living during the coming year.

Altogether, each girl had such a good and profitable time at camp that all will want to go again next year.





"THE HIGH SCHOOL BAND"

Halsetia Currier

*"Full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."*—Shakespeare

What are those strange and gruesome moans and groans that issue forth from the High School annex every Monday? Just before dinner and supper they are the loudest and worst. Has the High School turned into a menagerie, or has it only one strange animal caged in the annex, and is it fed only once a week on Mondays? The neighborhood is complaining of being disturbed and wants to know the cause of the suspicious phenomena.

Do not fear, neighbors; the moans and groans are caused by a very new and inexperienced organization calling itself the "High School Band." These people are progressing so rapidly that soon they expect to send out some honest to goodness music instead of this wailing you now hear and complain of.

The players of the reed, bone, string, wind, and brass instruments have separate instruction hours of forty-five minutes during the day. Just before noon and immediately after school all the players of the different instruments meet. Forty-five minutes of good hard combined work is done; hence, all the anguish before dinner and supper.

This is the first band ever organized in the Marine City High School that has progressed. It was organized by Superintendent Greenman and taken over by Mr. Basney of Port Huron, the instructor.

The Seniors hoped to have them play at commencement, but if they won't promise to keep from perpetrating some of the unnecessary racket that they do now, probably they had better wait until the "New School" is dedicated. "When will that be?" you ask.

"Not now, but soon"—we hope.

OUR CARNIVAL IN 1924

DEAR PUBLIC:

March the first of 1924! My, how that date has gone down in history!

The High School was awakened early that Saturday morning and had the joy of watching so many of the Senior Class at their hard, hard work. All day long one could hear the sound of hammers and of boys trying to talk with their mouths full of tacks, but it was surprising to see how quickly the class rooms were transformed into works of art and beauty.

Before we opened the doors to the Public some of the Seniors went through the halls on a tour of inspection. The many posters were the first attraction, for they decorated the halls from top to floor. A few of them were, "Dancing 5c a Struggle"; "Check room 5c"; "Sweets for the Sweet"; "We will make you beautiful." This, I think, was the most humorous and inviting—, "Come, eat, drink, and be merry, for Monday we go to School."

At 7:30, when the doors were opened, the bewildered people came and seemed to take delight in eating hot dogs, ice cream, and candy, drinking lemonade, coffee, water, and having their fortunes told. After running the great danger of coming and entering the building these people were in a very anxious state of mind and wanted to know whether or not they were to be great, rich, beautiful, or married. The sooth-sayer, obliged them by predicting: "You will see great things, be prettier than ever, and soon be skipping to music."

Even the antique room proved to be a smile-getter. Why? Why, the baby pictures of the Seniors were there! The dance floor was crowded, except when the feature of the evening, (plays given by the eighth grade and the Drama Club) was given. "Ye Old Dutch" coffee room, with its lighthouses blinking between the blue and white decorations, was quite a magnet for drawing the hungry.

I wish, if you didn't, that you could have seen the little boys after they had been in the Stunt room. Two and three tickets were spent endeavoring to get a nickel by bathing in a pan of water for it. Real adventure! "Pies, Cakes, Doughnuts, Doughnuts, Cakes, Pies," was painted on the posters in front of the pastry booth, and the temptation to buy these proved too great, for all were sold in a short time.

After it was all over, the students were as willing to put the school in order as they were in getting ready for the event.

I have enjoyed writing you of our last Carnival, for we hope that all enjoyed being there.

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY McCAUSLAND

THE "Y"

Irving Beattie

The purpose of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. is to develop young men and women along physical, mental, moral, and spiritual lines so that they will be of the best service to humanity.

During the world war the Y. M. C. A. was given charge of the canteen and received orders from the government to charge for the supplies. This gave rise to an ill feeling among some of the soldiers, who thought the "Y" should give everything free as the Salvation Army and Knights of Columbus did; the soldiers thought the "Y" was not sacrificing anything, but it is to be remembered that there were more Y. M. C. A. men killed than there were Salvation Army workers in all France.

The first "Y" meeting held in St. Clair county was at Marine City in 1916. There were then only a few people interested in the work of this organization. Since then a decided change has taken place. There are at the present time about six hundred people in the county who are members of the "Y." Of these six hundred Marine City has one hundred and fifty. Marine City is not only well represented in numbers, but also in activities. Last year we won the field meet supervised by the "Y." Out of the eight highest point winners, four were Marine City boys, Bruce Beattie taking the county championship.

This summer the "Y" will have two girls' camps, two boys' camps, and one men's camp, and some of the boys of the county will go on a trip to Niagara Falls. Many Marine City people will participate in these activities.

"Y" work now extends throughout the world and is growing stronger every day.

	Y.	W.	C.	A.
Physical	young	water-wings	craft	aglow
	yoke	work	climb	accomplishments
	you	womanly	clean	action
	years	well	conduct	able
Social	Yuletide	welcome	chum	affection
	yell	whistle	congenial	altogether
	youthful	wade	camp	acquainted
	yours	woods	co-operate	accord
Mental	ywis	wisdom	concentrate	awakening
	yearn	wonderful	control	ability
	yes	wit	conquer	ample
	yore	words	culture	advice
Spiritual	yonder	worship	Christian	aim
	Yahweh (Jeho'h)	will	cheer	ascend
	yield	way	courage	award
	yes	worthwhile	consecrate	abstract



DEBATING

Jean Scott

Ship subsidy, the subject for debating this year, was one that all the people of Marine City enjoyed, for the home debates with Saint Clair and Croswell were well attended. Marine City showed a fine spirit even if the first match with Saint Clair was lost—after a superb battle of wits.

Though debates are usually very dignified, the organized yelling and vigorous applause which filled the Junior High auditorium made the usually quiet scene like a football field in enthusiasm.

The affirmative team, Irving Beattie, Nellie Becker, and Ruth Schirmer, debated with Saint Clair and Croswell here, while the negative team, Mariana Smith, Josephine Langell, and Florence Wesbrook, debated with Saint Clair and Algonac, losing the Saint Clair and winning the Algonac debates.

Mr. Hanks, the debating coach, is to be commended for his unfailing energy in the interest of the team, and we have reason to expect that next year, with the experienced Sophomores and Juniors of this year as a nucleus, M. C. H. S. may produce a championship team.



JOKES

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

On the 23rd of February the Senior English classes were entertained at the High School by Miss Hanford, the friend and instructor of M. C. H. S. Seniors. The evening was spent in games and contests requiring literary intelligence. A dainty luncheon was served, which was followed by the reading of a theme written by the hostess, but for which the guests were asked to supply the missing adjectives, so that when finished it read:

AN INEXPERIENCED PARTY

Once upon a time a certain **HOMELY** teacher felt that she wanted to have a **GRACEFUL** time with her **BIG** students—the **LITTLE** Seniors of 1923-24—so she invited them to meet in the **SCRUMPTUOUS** annex affixed to the most **SO-SO** building in the world, namely the **MEDIUM** M. C. H. S. It was a **PRETTY** evening when this **SOPHISTICATED** group of **ADVANTAGEOUS** young people arrived. There were the following **SPONDUFIOUS** members of this **BRIGHT** class present:

The **BLUE** Leona Ames, the **YELLOW** Agnes Basney, the **HORRID** Raphael Bower, the **FUNNY** Ruth Diem, the **LARGE** George Johnson, the **FRIENDLY** Josephine Langell, the **STATELY** Dorothy McCausland, the **FISHY** Chestly Osier, the **SCRUPULOUS** Eleanor Schuett, the **TINY** Leon-

ard Smith, the GOOFY Neil Smith, the DULL Mariana Smith, the CAREFUL Blanche Tucker, the GREEN Ralph Westbrook, the RED Leo Kettler, the ROTTEN Warner Westrick. Besides these UNEXCELLED guests, from the GRAND and SUNNY class the following TERRIBLE guests were present: The AGED Linwood Beattie, the CUNNING Fred Becker, the GROTESQUE Clara Booth, the BLACK Elmer Buckler (the DELIGHTFUL president of the ISOLATED class of 1924), the JOYFUL Freeda Cody, the RUGGED Terrence Conlin, the SMOOTH Halcetia Currier, the GENEROUS Peter Endres, the WONDERFUL Bertha Lobes, the FLAT Erwin Miller, the NARROW Charles Moran, the ROUGH Ruth Schirmer, the WISHY-WASHY Grace Smith, the ARTISTIC Gladys Stark, the SCANDALOUS Harold Strablow, the SPLENDID Florence Westbrook, the HYPOCRITICAL Helen Westbrook. These with the DECEITFUL Miss Hanford made all of this RAW company that met that EFFERVESCENT evening in that QUAMQUATIC spot.

After they had played several STICKY, COCKEYED, SPOILED, STUPID, TOOTHLESS games, the SUPERFLUOUS Miss Hanford, who made a BLASE waiter, assisted by several DIZZY girls and BLOODY boys, served PICKED ice cream, COOKOO maccaroons, NUTTY wafers, A LITTLE BIT OFF, and BOWLEGGED punch. Then some of the PINK, SOURED, ITCHY guests danced to the WARLIKE music furnished by the PIGEON-TOED Victrola and at last went to their CROSSEYED homes saying this was the CRAZIEST party they ever had.

* * * *

Miss Hanford (reading in History class)—"And his name was Salmon P. Chase."

Wink (suddenly)—"Oh, the poor fish!"

* * * *

Miss Hedrick (reading)—"In Egypt honey was used to preserve the dead."

Ruth Diem—"Sweet Cats!"

Joe—"Sweet mummies, you mean."

* * * *

IN SHORTHAND CLASS

Miss Hanson (asking questions)—"How is 'Incli' expressed?"

Class—"By a small circle."

Miss Hanson—"How is 'Anta' expressed?"

Class—"By a small circle."

Miss Hanson—"Then how is 'Agra' written?"

Russel Stark—"By a round circle."

* * * *

Joe and Mick—"Topsy, write us a story about ourselves to put in our memory books."

Topsy—"Oh no, I don't write that sort of story."

* * * *

Beggar—"Kind sir, will you give me a dime for a bed?"

Cautious Freshie—"Let's see the bed first."

* * * *

Mr. McDonald—"Cite an example, my boy, proving that heat expands and cold contracts."

Chester—"Sure, teacher. In summer the days are long, while in the winter, they are short."



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Fine, Medium, Bakers', Table, Butter, Cheese, Meat

ZIMMERMAN BROS.**HARDWARE***THE WINCHESTER STORE***MARINE CITY, MICHIGAN**

Jimmy T.—"What's your thesis for Biology on, Joe?"

Joe—"What's yours?"

Jim—"A love story. The Romance of the Heavens."

* * * *

Joe (while riding through the country)—"They raise bees here, Mick."

Mariana—"Yes, honey."

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COKE****Phone 252****Western Blvd. at Butler Street**

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Art Work
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MARINE CITY, MICHIGAN**T A I L O R****WEDDING SUITS****GRADUATION SUITS****BUSINESS SUITS****MADE TO ORDER****AT****GEORGE W. GREENE**

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TAILOR

Marine City, Michigan

Miss Handford—After Bill had answered one of her questions decidedly wrong—"Hope you're not a disturber of the dead."

Some one in class—"No danger. He's an undertaker's son."

IRVING BLATTERT'S**For****QUALITY GROCERIES****MEATS, FRUITS and VEGETABLES****MARINE CITY, MICHIGAN**

THE COLONIAL

Leading Hotel in the City

A. A. WOOD, Prop.

SUPERIOR CONCRETE COMPANY

MARINE CITY
Michigan

Miss Hanford—"What other author that we have studied reminded you of that execution?"

Ruth D.—"He died in Greece."

Mariana—"Must have been a doughnut."

SADIE A. DUDDY

DRY GOODS AND READY TO WEAR

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A First-Class Physical Condition

Isn't it true that all you hope to attain of the good things of this world depends on the degree with which you can maintain high efficiency in your job?

That which cuts off most successful career is the slowing-up of efficiency through the gradual development of poor health.

You must have good health to "get there" if you are ambitious. Your conscious physical and mental energies should be devoted to "hill climbing" in your reach for success, and never drawn on to replenish or repair diseased tissue within your body. The condition that leads to sickness or disease lies in nerve pressure in your spine. Chiropractic is thoroughly capable of correcting this nerve pressure. The result is perfect health.

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Miss Travis to an eighth grader—"What do you expect to be when you get out of college?"

Eighth grade boy—"An old man."

* * * *

Mr. Hanks—"Why are you late for school this morning?"

John Simmons—"I must have over-washed myself."

SCOTT BROS.**HARDWARE****HEADQUARTERS****for****SPORTING GOODS**

Becker Brothers

DEPARTMENT STORE

THE STORE THAT SELLS FOR LESS

An unusually conservative Jew was called out of town, for over night, very suddenly. This is the telegram he sent home: "S. O. S., B. V. D.'s, C. O. D., P. D. Q."

* * * *

Upon entering into an eastern village this is the sign that greets you, "Drive slow and see our town; drive fast and see our judge."

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SERVICE

You Always Find the Best in

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LUMBER
MILL WORK
COAL

Phone 44-J

MARINE CITY, MICHIGAN

Mariana—"Did you hear about the dog that is to be executed because he bit a man?"

Joe—"What are they going to do that for?"

Fliss—"To teach the other dogs a lesson."

FRED H. HOLMES DRUGGIST

Books, Kodaks, Stationery, Victrolas

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Next to P. O.

MARINE CITY, MICHIGAN

W. W. BRIDGES

JEWELER

and

OPTOMETRIST

MARINE CITY'S GIFT SHOP

Joe—Your girl's thinking of you, Topsy. Your shoe string is undone."
Topsy—"Oh, that's been undone for a week."

* * * *

Joe—"Can I go through this door?"
G. Miller—"I guess so, we just moved the piano out that way."

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Can furnish you with the latest in

MODERN

SANITARY PLUMBING and HEATING

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M. and D. LUMBER YARD
LUMBER—COAL
and
BUILDING MATERIALS

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MARINE CITY, MICHIGAN

"Now, then, Rollo," said Mr. Boughner, "if your father gave you seven cents, and your mother gave you six cents, and your uncle gave you four more, what would you have?"

Rollo wrinkled up his forehead and went into silence for the space of several minutes.

"Come, come," said the teacher, impatiently. "Surely you can solve a simple little problem like that."

"It ain't a simple problem at all," replied Rollo. "I can't make up my mind whether I'd have an ice cream soda or go to the movies."

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RELIABLE SHOE HOUSE

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SALTRISING AND SNOW-FLAKE BREAD
FRESH BUNS DAILY
SPECIAL WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY CAKES
BELL'S BAKERY

213 Broadway

Phone 130

Poor Prune—I hear Jud has a job as an artist at the Moon-Journal.
Similar Such Insect—Yes, he draws crosses on the pictures to show where the crime was committed.

* * * *

Good—Do you know what revenue officers do when they find whiskey?

Nite—No, what do they do?

Good—Why, they perform their duty to the last drop.

BILL'S PLACE

"The Sweetest and the Neatest"

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"EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY"

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(Charles Kettler is in Superintendent's office). "Now, sir, I advise you to keep out of bad company in the future."

Charles (feelingly)—"I will, indeed—I promise you, you won't see me in here again."

* * * *

Mr. McDonald (having a hard time with tuning fork)—"This fork's no good."

Bunk Schriener—"Take it back to the farm and get one with a better pitch."

K. C. BUTTIRONI

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Wm. T. Roberts, Secretary and Treasurer

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Near Woodward

Senior—Ha! Ha! That's a good joke.

Soph—Yeh! Fall on your face and crack another one.

* * * *

Tramp—Could you spare me a few cents, ma'am?

M. C. T.—My dear man, what you need are brains, not money.

Tramp—Sure, ma'am. I asked you for what I thought you had the most of.

W. H. CROWLEY**FORD****LINCOLN****FORDSON****SALES AND SERVICE****TAXI****NO ROAD TOO LONG OR NIGHT TOO DARK**

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"See us for the Latest Styles"

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Farmer—Hey! There's no swimming allowed in this lake.

Youth—Why didn't you tell me before I got undressed?

Farmer—Well, there's no law against that.

* * * *

He—I suppose you'll tell me some idiot proposed to you before we were married.

She—Certainly.

"THE VANITY BOX"

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Ruth May—"A penny for your thoughts."
Julius Zinke—"I was wondering how long a moth could live on your bathing suit."

* * * *

Mickey—"What is your average income?"
Bill—"Between 1:30 and 2:00."

ABIGAIL F. KUHN

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CIGARS, TOBACCO
AND CONFECTIONERY

Fresh—"Can't you go any faster?"

Motorman—"Yes, but I have to stay with the car."

* * * *

Miss Hedrick—"Where do bugs go in winter."

Clark Hill (absent mindedly)—"Search me."

FAMILY THEATRE

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Gordon Perrin—"Just think. Ten thousand years from now this country around the Great Lakes will be a desert."

Gordon A.—"Honest? Won't my old man be doing a rushing ice business then?"

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Miss Hanford, holding up a lost book—"Has any one lost this book, 'The Good-Natured Man?'"

Josephine, suddenly starting up—"Oh, that's what I've been hunting for for a long time. 'The Good-Natured Man.'"

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Sambo—Ah done got a terrible shock last night.

Rambo—How come?

Sambo—Ah wuz eatin' a piece of fruit cake and a big currant passed right through ma mouth.

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Mixed in with the milk;
Keep the farmer's daughter
Clad in swishing silk.*

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T. E. DeGURSE, M. D.

C. J. McCANN, D. D. S.

*A peach came walking down the street,
She was more than passing fair—
A smile, a nod, half-closed eyes,
And the peach became a "pair."*

F. W. LANG, M. D.

WILLIAM BOWER**EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL****A. A. BACHLER****"WHEN YOU WANT SERVICE"****CALL 32**

Water Street

Marine City, Michigan

Miss Hanford—"Why did the ghost talk in Latin?"

Ruth D.—"Because it's a dead language."

* * * *

Alice—You just don't love me any more.

Duane—Why do you say that?

Alice—The last three times you've left before father made you.

C. A. WESTRICK & SON

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FLOUR, STOCK AND POULTRY FEEDS
FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS

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Mick to Joe—"Your face is so funny."

Mariana, while studying "Current Events"—"Is Bavaria part of China?"

Dot, going over the railroad tracks—"A train must have gone past here; here are its tracks."

Joe to Chess—"Can you coo coo like a rooster?"

Nellie Becker—"Do you know that all those janitor boys are jokes?"

A. W. ROW, M. D. C. M.

ST. CLAIR

ALGONAC

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"MEAT EMPORIUM BY APPOINTMENT
TO
THEIR MAJESTIES, THE PEOPLE"

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MARINE CITY, MICHIGAN

Bob—I want you to come to our dance.

By—Thanks, is it formal, or shall I wear my own clothes?

* * * *

Our idea of manly art in self-defense—One hundred yards in ten seconds.

L. R. GADDIS, M. D.

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consists not so much in sitting up

Nights

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The best definition of a wide awake chap,
is the boy or girl who considers a Savings
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W. W. EMIG
SALES AND SERVICE
WILLYS-KNIGHT
STUDEBAKER
OVERLAND
CHEVROLET
MARINE CITY, MICHIGAN

*The football rookies train in spring,
To play the game in fall,
They romp around the mud-soaked field
To see who'll find the ball.
The baseball player toils in spring,
He also toils in winter;
He slides upon the wooden floor
And then extracts the splinter.*

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WHY WALK?

*' We carry a line of the Best Bicycles on the market.
We also do first-class Bicycle and General Repairing.*

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PLEASURE IN EXTENDING BEST
WISHES FOR THE CONTINUED suc-
CESS TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF
MARINE CITY, WHO ARE ENDEAVOR-
ING TO SECURE ONE OF THE GREAT-
EST THINGS IN LIFE—A GOOD EDU-
CATION

